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WEEK ENDING JULY 4 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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In this Issue: THE PERSECUTED WIFE *By George Ade*

"Oh, Daddy Mother baked a cake today!" with

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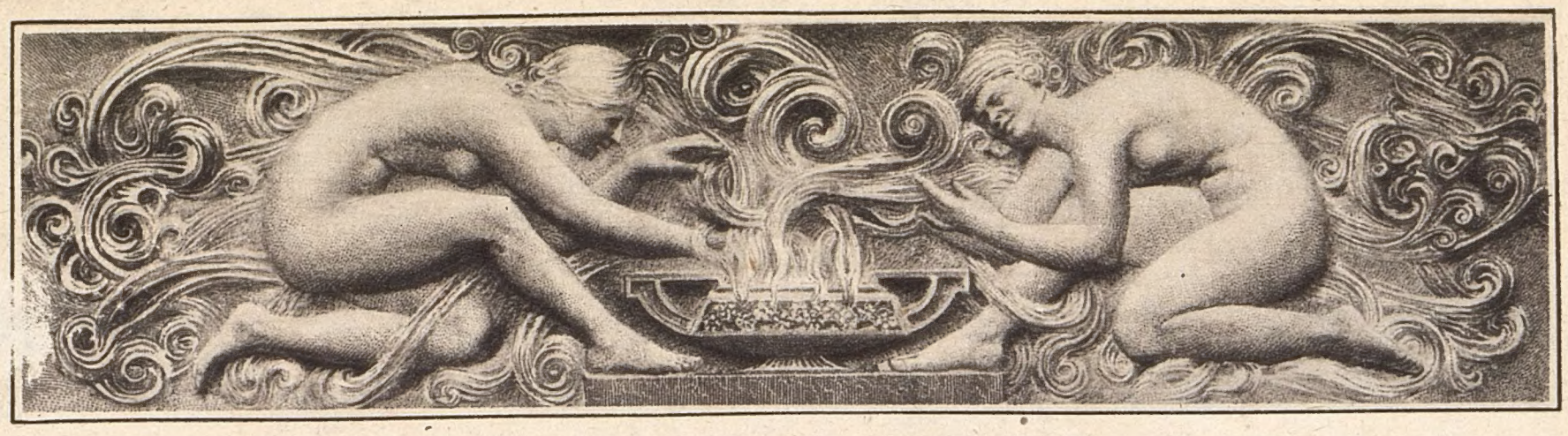

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JULY 4, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 No. 9

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

NATIONAL HIGHWAYS

The Constitution gave Congress the authority to establish post roads. The integration of the States as a nation was of great concern to the founders. Various peoples of the new republic were far apart, farther than the spread of the new nation's boundaries, in social ideas and practices.

One of the great fears in Washington's mind was that the States might fall apart into separate nations with all the conflicts thereafter which Europe had known. Intercommunication would bind together. The post office required post roads.

Until the steam railroads came travel in the United States was a great hardship. Medieval and modern Europe had a highway foundation on Roman military roads such as the Watling Street from London to Chester and to York. America had Indian trails through mountain gaps and forests, trails and waterways.

In 1841 William Oliver, an Englishman of Newcastle upon Tyne, made a tour to Illinois and wrote an interesting book of his trip. He went by boat from New York to Amboy, twenty-five miles, by railroad thirty-three miles to Bordentown, by steamboat twenty-nine miles to Philadelphia, by railroad to Harrisburg, by stage to Pittsburgh, by boat down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and by wagon to Kaskaskia. That was not so very long ago.

The genius of the American railroad builder came on the scene and America was knit with steel. Travel was raised to the highest standards of convenience, comfort, and speed. Roads were forgotten. The railroad was sufficient. The highways were in the mud and few people cared.

Then came the automobile, now in its general use a peculiarly American development of travel. With it the highway returned to its old importance. The individualism of the older American blossomed again with the gasoline motor car. The individual wanted to go on his own four wheels. From the interior he wants to drive to Florida, to Maine, to California.

Progressive States began putting down hard roads. New national thoroughfares across country, the Lincoln Highway, the Dixie Highway, were projected and put under construction. For the first time in its history the United States began building a system of highways suitable to its needs.

Cities, townships, counties, and States undertook this work as they were farsighted. This is the generation of the American road builder and he is as great a builder as the Roman.

But States and communities are not all equally wise and they are not all equally wealthy. The national system of roads, the network which should link region to region and State to State, is a national, not a local, concern. The Federal government now helps in road building, but properly these strictly national highways are purely national affairs.

They should not have gaps because some State or some locality is unwilling or unable to do its share.

The same reason which existed for the post roads at the beginning of the republic exists for these national highways now. The Federal government should build and maintain them.

By way of them the American people are coming closer together than ever before. There is an Iowa car in California, an Illinois car in Nevada, a Kansas car in the Berkshires, an Ohio car in the North Carolina mountains, a Georgia car in the Minnesota woods, and a Missouri car by the Wisconsin lakes.

Good roads and the automobile are giving Americans a better understanding of each other and more common interests and sympathies than they ever had before. To promote that is a national and not a local duty.

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Cover design by Kenneth Camp

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The People vs. Evolution in Tennessee

Jack Price Photo
HEYWOOD BROUN

WHAT'S all the shootin' about down there? It's only verbal, of course; but it has rocked the whole United States. *Philip Kinsley* describes the origin and ramifications of this struggle between Fundamentalists and Modernists which, starting in a drug store debate, will go to the Supreme Court for final settlement.

Heywood Broun, famous critic, tells just *Why I Gave Up Poker.* He convinced himself that it's a sordid, merciless method of picking on the under dog. Read it and weep!

Thyra Samter Winslow thinks *Men Are Easy Marks* and tells why. Her rollicking article is a liberal education for both sexes.

Ben Hecht contributes a powerful short story called *Lindro the Great; Billy Evans* continues his stirring baseball series, and there's more of *Margaret Turnbull's* engrossing serial, *Madame Judas.*

July 4, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 2, No. 9

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Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

George Ade Presents His Masterpiece:

The Persecuted WIFE

1885 *vs.* 1925

A Thrilling Drama of Changing Styles in Matrimonial Villains

"I hope I don't get any blood on the rugs."

WHY did the old-fashioned melodrama pine away? Some give the credit to the movies. Others say that the world became more sophisticated and found no illusion in a performance which was built up of soliloquies and "asides" and a stilted form of dialogue never heard except within the flare of a spotlight. Perhaps vaudeville, providing brisk and merry diversion at bargain prices, helped to wean playgoers from the gasps and muttered curses and vociferous heroics of the old five-act thrillers.

One thing is certain. The melodrama, as dished up during the sedate and sinful days of Queen Victoria, has passed out. One doesn't have to buy many tickets just now to learn that woman, as a stock figure in theatrical presentations, is no longer a clinging vine, the tendrils groping toward some sturdy oak. The sturdy oak has become a soft maple or a slippery elm, and woman, if she must be hooked up with the vegetable kingdom, might be likened to the impressive eucalyptus, which is fluffy as to foliage, highly scented, and sheds the entire covering at least once a year and comes out in a new shell.

Is it not a reasonable guess that the plays beloved of the gallery gods forty years ago have departed to the beyond because all of our

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IF this skit is used for stage presentation there should be a short explanatory speech in front of the curtain before the first half is given and another fill-in speech between the two scenes, the text of the speeches to be taken from this article. If these speeches are not delivered in front of the curtain, then there should be some explanation on the printed program.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

standards and criterions and so-called "ideals" have been revised since the days of The Danites, The Silver King, The White Slave, and Under the Gaslight? The heroine is no longer a tremulous weeper. Villains have given up wearing black mustaches and crush hats. The hero is a jazz demonstrator, trying to look like a collar advertisement instead of a chivalrous declaimer. The dependable "types" of the old-style melodrama would now be designated by any wise and world-weary flapper of eighteen as a lot of frabjous yahoos, and she wouldn't be wide of the mark, at that.

Styles change—on the stage as on the Avenue. When you wore the Weber-and-Fields derby, the tight trousers, and a chest-protector cravat with a horseshoe on it you were the unimpeachable It. If you appeared in that regalia now you would block traffic and probably get a free ride in a blue wagon.

Even so with the plays which delighted us away back yonder. When Erminie is revived it doesn't sound the same, and even such Barrie masterpieces as Peter Pan and The Little Minister are not what they were before being packed away with the moth balls. Virtue isn't as sugary as it used to be. The demure maiden who makes pretty and innocuous speeches is a tame and pepless proposition compared with the high-tension zipper of today, and, however much we find fault with the modern product, we have become adjusted to her presence and recognize her as a certified specimen.

NOT long ago I tried to reconstruct a conventional scene from one of the old-time melodramas so popular along about 1885. Then I tried to take the same scene and alter it to fit modern conditions.

The most important fact with which I had to contend was that the status of women has changed completely since forty years ago. Of course, the melodramatic heroine of 1885 was more of a wax figure than a human being, but she was an accurate symbol of womanhood as conceived by the mushy playgoers of that period.

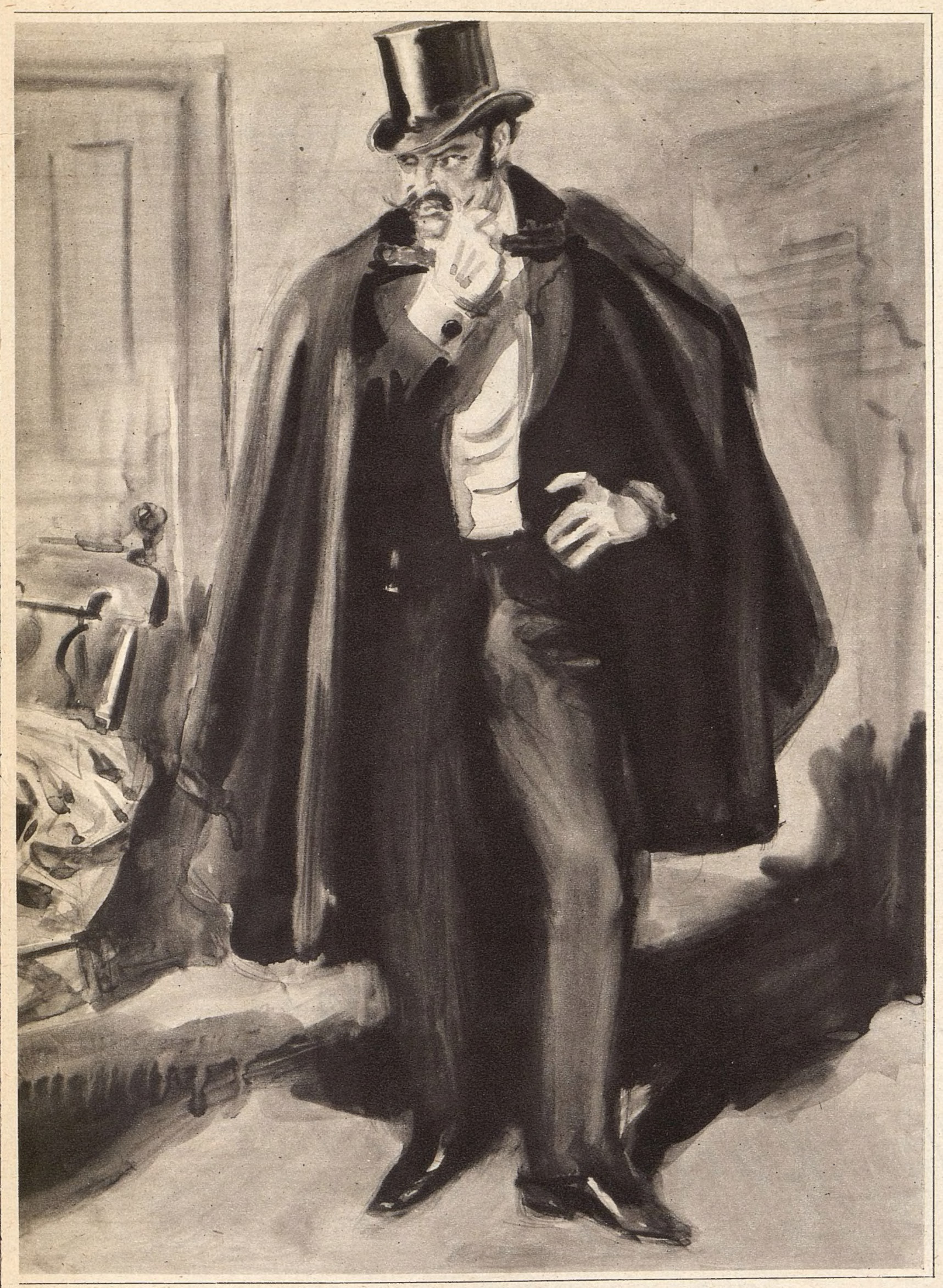
The scene which I rebuilt from my recollections of a great many old-style plays is laid in a poorly furnished apartment. Just a table at C with a few dishes on it and about four chairs and the plaster off in spots and a practicable doorway up-stage so that the villain may have the spot slapped on him the moment he appears.

At the rise of the curtain Alice Granby is seated at the table sewing at a shirt. She gets ten cents each for making shirts and she can do six a day, if she gets an early start. Alice is in deep black and wears no jewelry except a wedding ring. She is very pale, with plenty of No. 3 make-up around the eyes, and has suffering written all over her.

Ethel Granby, her five-year-old daughter, in garments which have been ostentatiously patched, is seated over at "stage right," which means at the left for the spectators beyond the footlights. The child is reading from a book.

In the preceding two acts it has come out that Alice, maiden name Marston, was lured from a country village by a handsome and well-dressed reptile named Mortimer Granby. Mortimer told her that their marriage would have to be kept secret for a while, because of his aristocratic connections, but in due time he would claim her "before the world."

Alice has lived in retirement for years, waiting for Mortimer to keep his word, and in the meantime little Ethel has hopped into the plot to complicate matters. Now it comes out that Mortimer tricked her by a false wedding ceremony and has stolen the forged marriage cer-



"*MORTIMER! Acknowledge me before the world and I will forgive the past. I care not for myself, but have mercy—have mercy on my child——*"

ALICE. You must not speak harshly of him. No matter what he may be, he is your male parent.

[*Sleigh bells off stage. Entrance music. MORTIMER enters C, in evening clothes, and looks at the two with evident contempt.*]

MORTIMER [*in a snaky and insinuating manner*]. Well, Alice?

[*ALICE and ETHEL discover MORTIMER. ALICE shows surprise and fear.*]

ALICE. Mortimer! You?

MORTIMER. Yes, *I!*

ALICE. You!

MORTIMER. Me!

[*ETHEL crosses to MORTIMER and holds out hands pleadingly.*]

ETHEL. Oh, papa, won't you be kind to mamma? She works so hard and all day——

MORTIMER [*interrupting speech with cruel ferocity and rudely pushing child aside.*] Out of the way, brat! [*Child runs and hides behind ALICE crouching on floor. MORTIMER comes to L of her and looks at her with a sneering smile.*] Well, Alice, this is hardly the greeting I expected from one who promised to love, honor, and obey.

ALICE [*gazing fixedly ahead of her*]. Ever cold—ever heartless.

MORTIMER [*bringing out a cigarette and lighting it during speech*]. You wrong me. [*With great deliberation.*] I have come to prove that I am your friend—to make provision for you and your child.

ALICE [*showing anger and resentment*]. *Our* child!

MORTIMER [*with a threatening movement toward her*]. Curse it, woman—not so loud! The very walls have ears! [*Pauses and looks at her, pulling at cigarette. Laughs gratingly*]. Have it as you will—*Our* child. [*Looks at her keenly and in a questioning manner.*] Alice, I am here to make you an offer. Accept and you and yonder child shall be put into possession of thir-ty thousand dollars. Refuse and——[*Pause.*] Well, you can guess. As for our child—[*with intense sarcasm*]—there are

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

tificate. Dirty work all around, but no dirtier than was usual and necessary in a good melodrama.

Let us proceed with the dialogue and action in regular play fashion. Up goes the curtain to soft music, The Spring Song.

ETHEL [*reading from book*]. So the prince rode back to the palace, and lived happily ever after. [*Stops reading and looks across at mother.*]

Oh, mamma, dear, will you and I ever leave these wretched surroundings and go and live in a beautiful palace?

ALICE [*shaking her head with a weary smile*]. Hush, my child! Perhaps it is in God's good purpose that you and I should suffer.

ETHEL [*looks at ALICE intently and crosses to her, kneeling and looking up at her.*] Mamma, you have been crying again.

ALICE. 'Tis nothing, dear.

ETHEL. Tell me, why is papa so cruel to you and why does he never come to see us?

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How did your garters look this morning?

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

institutions which provide for homeless children——

ETHEL [*alarmed*]. Mamma!

ALICE. Ethel!

MORTIMER. And with my influence—perhaps—perhaps——

[*ETHEL crosses to ALICE.*]

ALICE [*arising, dismayed, going toward him, and taking hold of him*]. Mortimer! My child! You must not—you cannot take her from me. No! No! It shall not be! Nev-er! [*Pawing at him.*]

ETHEL [*having arisen and followed ALICE*]. Come what may, I will not leave my dear mamma.

MORTIMER. Your child is in no danger if you obey me.

ALICE [*no longer demonstrative, but looking at him in a questioning manner*].—Obey? What mean you?

MORTIMER. Lis-ten! For the pahst month I have been gambling heavily. The fates were against me! I have—lost! Unless I can get possession of one hundred thousand dollars I am ruined and stand disgraced before the world. I have a plan to save myself. Help me and you shall profit richly.

ALICE. I—help you? Surely you do not mean——

MORTIMER. I mean that within a week I am to become the husband of Edith Fortescue!

[*Effect by orchestra.*]

ALICE [*frantic—once more pawing him*]. Mortimer! No! No! You, who promised at the altar—you! Say you do not mean it! Think of our child—of our old love——

[*ETHEL rushes to her and ALICE throws a protecting arm around child.*]

ETHEL. Be brave, mamma. Soon I will be old enough to secure employment and——

MORTIMER. Don't be a fool, Alice. I am more than generous.

ALICE. Mortimer Granby, I am only a weak woman—alone with me child—deserted by the man who promised to love me——

MORTIMER. Bah!

ALICE. But, weak as I am, I would have you know that I will prevent this marriage. You shall not blight her young life as you have already blighted mine.

MORTIMER. Have a care, woman! What would you do?

ALICE. Claim you before the world as my husband!

[*Effect by orchestra.*]

MORTIMER. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! And who would believe that Alice Marston, the poor factory girl, was the wife of Mortimer Granby, leader of society, vice president of the great Birchwood Mills! I tell you, woman, my mind is made up! Hold your tongue, and I will see that you are handsomely rewarded. Attempt to thwart me, and I will crush you as I would a worm beneath my feet. Consider, Alice. By helping me now you can provide for your child.

ALICE. My darling!

ETHEL [*still clutching skirts*]. Mamma—dear mamma!

MORTIMER. You can leave this place and settle down in some quiet cottage——

ALICE. Mortimer! Would you cast me off?

MORTIMER. Fool! Don't you see that I must save myself?

ALICE. I am your lawful wedded wife.

MORTIMER [*gloatingly*]. Lawful wedded wife! The ceremony was performed by Reverend John Burton, alias Blinky the Mop, alias Night-hawk Harry—a friend of mine. [*ALICE screams.*] He knew too much [*significant pause*] and now he is sleeping peacefully in a graveyard.

ALICE [*with feeling*]. Wretch!

MORTIMER [*in a smooth, ingratiating, but exultant manner*]. So you see, my dear, I hold the trump card! I shall marry Edith, and you——

ETHEL. Oh, papa, how can you be so cruel to my dear mamma?

MORTIMER. Bah!

ALICE [*falling on her knees before MORTIMER, who turns partly away from her. Child goes to table and weeps with head buried in arms*]. Mortimer! Acknowledge me before the world and I will forgive the past. See—I am kneeling before you. Pity, oh, pity! Mortimer, remember your promises! Think of the old days. I care not for myself, but have mercy—have mercy on my child—my darling, innocent child—Mortimer! [*He starts to go.*] No, you shall not go! Mortimer!

MORTIMER. Bah! [*Fiercely.*] Curse you! Farewell! I shall no longer bandy words. I care not if you and your accursed spawn starve in the streets. Farewell, my Alice! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Starts to exit. ALICE is crushed, head hanging down. ETHEL leaves table and crosses toward MORTIMER.*]

ETHEL [*taking hold of MORTIMER*]. Papa, I beg of you not to go. Mamma has always spoken so kindly of you.

[*MORTIMER pushes ETHEL to floor and ETHEL remains there, sobbing. MORTIMER, with last defiant and leering gaze at ALICE, exits. Soft music. Spot on ALICE and remainder of stage dark. ALICE lifts her hands and pulls one of the old-time curtain speeches, looking upward.*]

ALICE. Is there aught of justice in this hard world? Protect me, oh, Thou above, in the hour of my despair. Keep me pure and innocent, even though I go in rags. Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!

(SLOW CURTAIN.)

THE foregoing is just a fragmentary sample of what we used to devour, but it will be recognized by any old-timer.

When I started to bring the scene up to date I found myself blocked. To begin with, the quiet country village and the innocent maiden, those dependable props of the standard melodrama, have disappeared since 1885. It is now practically impossible to find a small-town girl who would believe anything told her by a villain living in the city. Also, it is improbable that he could tell her anything she did not already know.

The trick marriage is no longer plausible. It is introduced into the play upon the assumption that, previous to the wedding, the groom makes all of the arrangements. In recent years he has exercised no authority. He is less important than the caterer and only two degrees above the colored man who megaphones for the motors.

Assuming, however, that Mortimer Granby has deceived and deserted Alice and now wishes to make her his accomplice in some brand new crime, the scene already submitted would have to be revised as follows:

Alice Granby and her five-year-old daughter are discovered in a poorly furnished apartment which has no ornaments except five hundred rotogravure likenesses of movie queens. Alice and Ethel are bobbed, high-heeled, knee-skirted, calcimined, and lip-rouged. Both are smoking cigarettes. The five-year-old daughter is blowing it out of her ears.

At the rise of curtain the mother is discovered at stage center working on a crossword puzzle. Ethel is at stage right, jiggling the dial of a radio set.

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

George Ade *An Appreciation by His Friend,* Booth Tarkington

CERTAIN poems of Francois Villon are what we rather roughly call classics, meaning that they have become a part of the general body of the literature preserved by one generation after another for so long a time that we speak of the authors who wrote it as immortal. Thus Villon was an immortal poet, and some of his immortal poems were written in slang; for Villon (a university man, like George Ade) was a master of the slang of his day.

But here we refrain from pressing for further similarities: Villon's career, except as a poet, was not exemplary, whereas Mr. Ade, during his own lifetime, has had a town named for him by people who know him intimately.

Future historians will thank Mr. Ade for his preservation of the common talk of the common people of the American town and countryside of his day. He had illustrious forerunners, even before Villon, but none, I think, with an ear so sensitively true as his own; and he has used the common talk in slang fables to express a wisdom always on the side of modesty, of accomplishment, and of generosity.

For this he might well be voted the laurel, but to my mind the finest bouquet we should offer him would represent our appreciation of him as the author of books written in taintless English—books of the type of that priceless light masterpiece of his, Doc Horne.

Twenty-five years ago the most authoritative critic of our day proclaimed Ade as a realist. To this critic's way of thinking Ade was one of the greatest of living realists and an artist of the first importance. Moreover, to the hour of that wise and good critic's death, Ade remained his favorite and best-read author.

Moffett Photo
GEORGE ADE

Ade has always been a realist. His comedies rocked the country with the merriest laughter because of their realism, their salient observation of the character of familiar American types. But his realism has never been the heavy and imported thing that so often goes by that name. Natively he had the gift of the "light touch" in writing; and, more, he had his native kindliness.

For there is no sneer or jeer in the whole life and writing of George Ade. The sneering and jeering writer's inner thought is his own superiority, which is what he really intends to illuminate; but Ade has always sought to illuminate life. He has succeeded, and, not only in his writings, but out of his own inward illumination, he has brightened the lives of a great many people.

It is significant of his character that nobody in the world wondered why his neighbors named a town for him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

After curtain is up Ethel switches off radio and walks over to her mother and opens up on Irving Berlin because he has not written a new song for six weeks.

ETHEL [*watching her mother intent on the cross-word sheet*]. The absolute zero of indoor sport! The Eskimo stopped working on those things three months ago. If you're going to be a real boob, why don't you get out your mah jongg set and play solitaire with it?

ALICE. I'm not doing this because I enjoy it. I'm trying to cop that five-hundred-dollar prize. With Gordon at forty-five a case, I've got to do something to make an honest living.

ETHEL. Well, when there are so many summer homes waiting to be robbed and it is such a pipe to make the getaway in a car, I don't see why anyone should pick out a hard way to get coin.

ALICE [*gazing at puzzle and speaking slowly*]. A word of four letters. It means "not so good"—the second letter is "u."

ETHEL. Punk!

ALICE [*with enthusiasm*]. That's it! It fits right in. Oh, child, if I had your education—with my experience—— [*Studies puzzle.*] A word of three letters—term of endearment for near relative—the last letter is "d."

ETHEL. Dad!

ALICE. Of course! [*Marking it in.*]

ETHEL. "Dad"—a term of endearment—that's a cackle! By the way, where is that boloney?

ALICE. I've been in luck lately—haven't seen him for two weeks.

[*MORTIMER enters as in Scene 1. In earlier scene he had black mustache, evening clothes, cape coat, and tall hat. In this scene he is without mustache, is in dinner coat costume, carries straw hat, and his whole manner is mild, timid, frightened and apologetic. He stands inside door, hesitating. ETHEL sees him.*]

ETHEL. Bad news, mom. Your dream is out. Cross your fingers and look over the right shoulder.

ALICE [*after turning and looking scornfully at the trembling visitor*]. Do you see what I see?

MORTIMER [*coming toward her, speaking as if trying to work up a welcome for himself*]. Alice—I——

ALICE AND ETHEL [*together and loudly, as he has left the door open*]. CLOSE THAT DOOR!

ETHEL. What do you think this is—a garage? [*MORTIMER meekly returns and closes door.*]

ALICE [*contemptuously to child*]. That nut has walked through one million doors in the last ten years and never closed one of them. He ought to live in a tent.

MORTIMER [*smiling sheepishly and evidently hoping to placate her*]. I came——

ALICE. I'm blooey in the head tryin' to work one of these cross-word didos, and now you have to blow in.

ETHEL [*motioning to MORTIMER*]. Go over there and lie quiet.

ALICE [*to ETHEL*]. A five-letter word meaning "fragaceous marthalian, spotted, living in the treetops of central Thibet."

ETHEL [*promptly*]. Plingo!

ALICE. Wonderful!

ETHEL [*wearily*]. Not at all. I thought everyone knew about the plingo.

MORTIMER [*trying to get into the conversation*]. Alice, I have something to say to you.

ALICE. And before I hear it I know it's going to be good.

MORTIMER. I came to tell you——

ETHEL [*interrupting*]. The saddest day of my young life was when mom pointed you out in that low-comedy Palm Beach suit and said, "Dearie, take a hard look at your pa." Ever since then I've hoped, inwardly, that she might have been mistaken.

ALICE. No such luck!

ETHEL. Yes, but *I* didn't pick him out. Remember that.

MORTIMER. Alice, I suppose you know——

ALICE. I know everything. I know all about you bein' mixed up with this Fortescue gal—getting ready to marry her.

MORTIMER [*under his breath—frightened*]. Damn it all—I say——

ALICE. And me, your lawful wedded sweetie, here in this dump—fightin' with a dictionary.

MORTIMER [*a little more boldly*]. But you have no proof of our marriage.

ETHEL. You tell him, mother. I'm fed up on this bird.

ALICE [*smiling at him in contempt and shaking her head—lights another cigarette*]. Probably the champion pinhead of the world! I don't need any proof. All I've got to do is to go into court and cry.

ETHEL. What's more, we've got a chance to sell the whole story to a morning paper for five hundred bucks. [*Quotes, marking with finger to indicate bold headlines.*] "Prominent society man deserts wife and child." And right below—a picture of the jolly old mater when she was an innocent village maiden.

MORTIMER. But she never *was* an innocent village maiden! She framed on me.

ALICE [*looking up from her puzzle and smiling grimly*]. Is *that* so? Well, I *will* be, if I ever get before one of those yap juries.

ETHEL. That reminds me—— [*Crossing and speaking to ALICE.*] Come here!

[*ALICE arises from table. MORTIMER watching them, evidently nervous and worried. ETHEL gives whispered instructions to ALICE, who listens and nods.*]

MORTIMER. It seems to me——

ALICE AND ETHEL [*in unison and with great vigor*]. Shut up!

[*He subsides. They finish talk, and ALICE backs toward MORTIMER.*]

ALICE [*addressing MORTIMER*]. You read the papers, don't you?

MORTIMER. Sometimes.

ALICE. We'll suppose a case. A handsome dog puts over a phoney wedding at a road house—moving picture stuff. Later on he swipes the marriage certificate and beats it, leaving the wife and kid flat. He thinks he's safe because she can't go to a lawyer and flash any papers. But, suppose she gets out the old gat—hunts him up—and bumps him off?

MORTIMER [*horrified*]. Alice! You threaten me?

ETHEL [*coming closer and joining, fresh and assertive*]. She means that you will be lying in a horizontal position, getting colder all the time.

ALICE. And then—on every front page—"Deceived, Deserted, Betrayed—Facing the Cruel World—Trying to Support Her Baby." I know I'd be acquitted and if I ever caught you on Long Island I wouldn't even be arrested.

[*During the above speech ETHEL has been seated on edge of table, looking in a small mirror, powdering nose, and using lipstick.*]

ETHEL [*commenting on speech by ALICE*]. Old girl, you emitted a mouthful.

MORTIMER. Well, of course, I'm willing to make provision for you and the child.

ALICE. You talk to my lawyers—Bernstein & Meyer.

MORTIMER. Remember, I am offering you thirty thousand dollars if you remain quiet.

ETHEL. Sounds reasonable—but where is the certified check?

ALICE. I've been married to this onion for ten years and all I've got from him, so far, is conversation.

MORTIMER [*arising and assuming more combative manner*]. I tell you, woman, I'm desperate and I will brook no interference, do you hear?

ALICE [*to MORTIMER*]. A fat chance you've got—to pull any of that rough stuff around here.

MORTIMER. Alice, dear girl——

ALICE. Sit down! [*He sits.*]

MORTIMER. But, Alice, listen! Unless I get a large sum of money at once I am ruined—disgraced.

ETHEL [*tired and disgusted*]. Take him away—or I may burst into tears.

MORTIMER. You are not to come between me and Edith Fortescue.

ALICE. Certainly not. Go ahead and marry the poor simp.

ETHEL. Sure thing! [*To MORTIMER.*] Cop the bank roll and if you don't think we'll get a fifty-fifty split you're crazy in the head.

MORTIMER [*pleadingly*]. If you realized——

ETHEL. Say, you are ruining a perfectly good evening for *both* of us.

ALICE. Here I am, just about to finish this thingamajig, and *you* have to weep on my shoulder.

ETHEL [*to MORTIMER*]. All we've got on you is embezzlement, bigamy, nonsupport, and obtaining money under false pretenses.

MORTIMER. But I must replace the money or be exposed as a criminal.

ALICE. Why not say you merely borrowed the money—then go through bankruptcy?

MORTIMER. They will arrest me.

ETHEL. We'll get you out on a writ of habeas corpus.

MORTIMER. But if they should send me to prison? The horror of it—the humiliation!

ALICE [*disgusted*]. Oh, pish, tush! I can prove by all of my relations that you've been insane for fifteen years. Besides, when the Fortescues find out what a low-down pup you are, they'll give you a half million to release Edith from the engagement.

MORTIMER [*fervently*]. Alice, you have saved me! How can I ever repay you?

ALICE. Sit down over there and keep your trap closed until Honey and I finish this puzzle.

[*MORTIMER returns to chair. ALICE goes to table again and tackles next word—ETHEL stands, looking over her shoulder.*]

MORTIMER [*after a short pause*]. After we get the money it is my intention to take both of you back to my old home in Maizeville.

ALICE. The name again, please.

MORTIMER. Maizeville—Maizeville.

ETHEL. On a railroad?

MORTIMER. Certainly. Two picture houses and a band concert every Saturday.

ETHEL. That settles it! Mom, you've earned your freedom and you'd better collect. I'll look the other way.

ALICE. I hope I don't get any blood on the rugs. [*She arises and takes large vase from table against wall. Standing behind MORTIMER, she brings down the vase on his head, shattering it (the vase). MORTIMER falls to the floor stunned, and lies there. ALICE rejoins ETHEL at table and resumes work on puzzle. ETHEL looks at her prostrate parent.*]

ETHEL. He's certainly behaving himself now.

ALICE. Don't worry about him—he's insured.

QUICK CURTAIN.

The INTERRUPTION

A Strange Tale of Murder and the Vengeance of the Wind

By
W. W. Jacobs

Pictures by
FRANK B.
HOFFMAN

IT was a very faint sound . . . stealthy. Holding his breath, he waited for it to be repeated.

MR. JACOBS, one of England's foremost humorists for more than three decades, demonstrates his versatility in this story. He has departed from his customary laughter-provoking style and woven an eerie, sinister tale.

THE last of the funeral guests had gone, and Spencer Goddard, in decent black, sat alone in his small, well-furnished study. There was a queer sense of freedom in this house since the coffin had left it: the coffin which was now hidden in its solitary grave beneath the yellow earth. The air, which for the last three days had seemed stale and contaminated, now smelled fresh and clean. He went to the open window and, looking into the fading light of the autumn day, took a deep breath.

He closed the window and, stooping down, put a match to the fire, and, dropping into his easy chair, sat listening to the cheery crackle of the wood. At the age of thirty-eight he had turned over a fresh page. Life, free and unencumbered, was before him. His dead wife's money was at last his, to spend as he pleased instead of being doled out in reluctant driblets.

He turned at a step at the door, and his face assumed the appearance of gravity and sadness it had worn for the last four days. The cook, with the same air of decorous grief, entered the room quietly, and, crossing to the mantelpiece, placed upon it a photograph.

"I thought you'd like to have it, sir," she said in a low voice, "to remind you."

Goddard thanked her and, rising, took the photograph in his hand and stood regarding it. He noticed with satisfaction that his hand was absolutely steady.

"It is a very good likeness — till she was taken ill," continued the woman. "I never saw anybody change so sudden."

"The nature of her disease, Hannah," said her master.

The woman nodded and, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief, stood regarding him.

"Is there anything you want?" he inquired, after a time.

She shook her head. "I can't believe she's gone," she said in a low voice. "Every now and then I have a queer feeling that she's still here——"

"It is your nerves," said her master, sharply.

"——and wanting to tell me something."

By a great effort Goddard refrained from looking at her.

"Nerves," he said again. "Perhaps you ought to have a little holiday. It has been a great strain upon you."

"You too, sir," said the woman respectfully. "Waiting on her hand and foot, as you have done, I can't think how you stood it. If you'd only had a nurse——"

"I preferred to do it myself, Hannah," said her master. "If I had had a nurse it would have alarmed her."

The woman assented.

"And they are always peeking and prying into what doesn't concern them," she added. "Always think they know more than the doctors do."

Goddard turned a slow look upon her. The tall,

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angular figure was standing in an attitude of respectful attention; the cold, slaty brown eyes were cast down, the sullen face expressionless.

"She couldn't have had a better doctor," he said, looking at the fire again. "No man could have done more for her."

"And nobody could have done more for her than you did, sir," was the reply. "There's few husbands that would have done as much."

Goddard stiffened in his chair. "That will do, Hannah," he said, curtly.

"Or done it so well," said the woman, with measured slowness.

With a strange sinking sensation her master paused to regain his control. Then he turned and eyed her steadily. "Thank you," he said, slowly; "you mean well, but at present I cannot discuss it."

For some time after the door had closed behind her he sat in deep thought. The feeling of well-being of a few minutes before had vanished, leaving in its place an apprehension which he refused to consider, but which would not be allayed. He thought over his actions of the last few weeks carefully, and could remember no flaw. His wife's illness, the doctor's diagnosis, his own solicitous care were all in keeping with the ordinary. He tried to remember the woman's exact words—her manner. Something had shown him fear. What?

HE could have laughed at his fears next morning. The dining room was full of sunshine and the fragrance of coffee and bacon was in the air. Better still, a worried and commonplace Hannah. Worried over two eggs with false birth certificates, over the vendor of which she became almost lyrical.

"The bacon is excellent," said her smiling master; "so is the coffee; but your coffee always is."

Hannah smiled in return, and, taking fresh eggs from a rosy-cheeked maid, put them before him.

A pipe, followed by a brisk walk, cheered him still further. He came home glowing with exercise and again possessed with that sense of freedom and freshness. He went into the garden—now his own—and planned alterations.

After lunch Goddard went over the house. The windows of his wife's bedroom were open and the room neat and airy. His glance wandered from the made-up bed to the brightly polished furniture. Then he went to the dressing table and opened the drawers, searching each in turn. With the exception of a few odds and ends they were empty. He went out onto the landing and called for Hannah.

"Do you know whether your mistress locked up any of her things?" he inquired.

"What things?" said the woman.

"Well, her jewelry mostly."

"Oh!" Hannah smiled. "She gave it all to me," she said, quietly.

Goddard checked an exclamation. His heart was beating nervously, but he spoke sternly.

"When?"

"Just before she died—of gastro-enteritis," said the woman.

There was a long silence. He turned and with great care mechanically closed the drawers of the dressing table. The tilted glass showed him the pallor of his face and he spoke without turning round.

"That is all right, then," he said, huskily. "I only wanted to know what had become of it. I thought perhaps Milly——"

Hannah shook her head. "Milly's all right," she said with a strange smile. "She's as honest as we are. Is there anything more, sir?"

She closed the door behind her with the quietness of the well-trained servant. Goddard, steadying himself with his hand on the rail of the bed, stood looking into the future.

II.

THE days passed monotonously, as they pass with a man in prison. Gone was the sense of freedom and the idea of a wider life. Instead of a cell, a house with ten rooms, but Hannah, the jailer, guarding each one. Respectful and attentive, the model servant, Goddard saw in every word a threat against his liberty—his life. In the sullen face and cold eyes he saw her knowledge of power; in her solicitude for his comfort and approval a sardonic jest. It was the master playing at being the servant. The years of unwilling servitude were over, but she felt her way carefully with infinite zest in the game. Warped and bitter, with a cleverness which had never before had scope, she had entered into her kingdom. She took it little by little, savoring every morsel.

GODDARD checked an exclamation. His heart was beating nervously, but he spoke sternly.

" I hope I've done right, sir," she said one morning; " I have given Milly notice."

Goddard looked up from his paper. " Isn't she satisfactory? " he inquired.

" Not to my thinking, sir," said the woman. " And she says she is coming to see you about it. I told her that would be no good."

" I had better see her and hear what she has to say," said her master.

" Of course, if you wish to," said Hannah; " only, after giving her notice, if she doesn't go I shall. I should be sorry to go—I've been very comfortable here—but it's either her or me."

" I should be sorry to lose you," said Goddard in a hopeless voice.

" Thank you, sir," said Hannah. " I'm sure I've tried to do my best. I've been with you some time now—and I know all your little ways. I expect I understand you better than anybody else would. I do all I can to make you comfortable."

" Very well, I leave it to you," said Goddard in a voice which strove to be brisk and commanding. " You have my permission to dismiss her."

" There's another thing I wanted to see you about," said Hannah. " My wages. I was going to ask for a rise, seeing that I'm really housekeeper here now."

" Certainly," said her master, considering, " that only seems fair. Let me see—what are you getting? "

" Thirty-six."

Goddard reflected for a moment, and then turned with a benevolent smile.

" Very well," he said, cordially. " I'll make it forty-two. That's ten shillings a month more."

" I was thinking of a hundred," said Hannah, dryly.

The significance of the demand appalled him.

" Rather a big jump," he said at last. " I really don't know that I——"

" It doesn't matter," said Hannah. " I thought I was worth it—to you—that's all. You know best. Some people might think I was worth *two* hundred. That's a bigger jump, but after all a big jump is better than——"

She broke off and tittered. Goddard eyed her.

" ——than a big drop," she concluded.

GODDARD'S face set. The lips almost disappeared and something came into the pale eyes that was revolting. Still eyeing her, he rose and approached her. She stood her ground and met him eye to eye.

" You are jocular," he said, at last.

" Short life and a merry one," said the woman.

" Mine or yours? "

" Both, perhaps," was the reply.

" If—if I give you a hundred," said Goddard, moistening his lips, " that ought to make your life merrier, at any rate."

Hannah nodded. " Merry and long, perhaps," she said, slowly. " I'm careful, you know—very careful."

" I am sure you are," said Goddard, his face relaxing.

" Careful what I eat and drink, I mean," said the woman, eyeing him steadily.

" That is wise," he said, slowly. " I am myself—that is why I am paying a good cook a large salary. But don't overdo things, Hannah. Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

" I am not likely to do that," she said, coldly. " Live and let live, that is my motto. Some

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people have different ones. But I'm careful; nobody won't catch me napping. I've left a letter with my sister in case."

Goddard turned slowly and in a casual fashion put the flowers straight in a bowl on the table, and, wandering to the window, looked out. His face was white again and his hands trembled.

"To be opened after my death," continued Hannah. "I don't believe in doctors — not after what I've seen of them—I don't think they know enough, so if I die I shall be examined. I've given good reasons."

"And suppose," said Goddard, coming from the window, "suppose she is curious, and opens it before you die?"

"We must chance that," said Hannah, shrugging her shoulders, "but I don't think she will. I sealed it up with sealing wax, with a mark on it."

"She might open it and say nothing about it," persisted her master.

An unwholesome grin spread slowly over Hannah's features. "I should know it soon enough," she declared boisterously, "and so will other people. Lord! There would be an upset! Chidham would have something to talk about forever. We should be in the newspapers—both of us."

Goddard forced a smile.

"Dear me!" he said gently. "Your pen seems to be a dangerous weapon, Hannah, but I hope that the need to open it will not happen for another fifty years. You look well and strong."

THE woman nodded. "I don't take up my troubles before they come," she said with a satisfied air, "but there's no harm in trying to prevent them coming. Prevention is better than cure."

"Exactly," said her master, "and, by the way, there's no need for this little financial arrangement to be known by anybody else. I might become unpopular with my neighbors for setting a bad example. Of course, I am giving you this sum because I really think you are worth it."

"I'm sure you do," said Hannah. "I'm not sure I ain't worth more, but this'll do to go on with. I shall get a girl for less than we are paying Milly, and that'll be another little bit extra for me."

"Certainly," said Goddard and smiled again.

"Come to think of it," said Hannah, pausing at the door, "ain't sure I shall get anybody else, then there'll be more than ever for me. If I do the work I might as well have the money."

Her master nodded, and, left to himself, sat down to think out a position which was as intolerable as it was dangerous. At a great risk he had escaped from the dominion of one woman only to fall, bound and helpless, into the hands of another. However vague and unconvincing the suspicions of Hannah might be, they would be sufficient. Evidence could be unearthed.

Cold with fear one moment, and hot with fury the next, he sought in vain for some avenue of escape. It was his brain against that of a cunning, illiterate fool; a fool whose malicious stupidity only added to his danger.

And she drank. With largely increased wages she would drink more and his life might depend upon a hiccuped boast. It was clear that she was enjoying her supremacy; later on her vanity would urge her to display it before others. He might have to obey the crack of her whip before witnesses and that would cut off all possibility of escape.

He sat with his head in his hands. There must be a way out and he must find it. Soon. He must find it before gossip began—before the changed position of master and servant lent color to her story when that story became known. Shaking with fury, he thought of her lean, ugly throat and the joy of choking her life out with his fingers. He started suddenly, and took a quick breath. No, not fingers—a rope.

III.

BRIGHT and cheerful outside and with his friends, in the house Goddard was quiet and submissive. Milly had gone and, if the service was poorer and the rooms neglected, he gave no sign. If a bell remained unanswered he made no complaint, and to studied insolence turned the other cheek of politeness. When at this tribute to her power the woman smiled, he smiled in return. A smile which, for all its disarming softness, left her vaguely uneasy.

"I'm not afraid of you," she said once, with a menacing air.

"I hope not," said Goddard in a slightly surprised voice.

"Some people might be, but I'm not," she declared. "If anything happened to me. . . ."

"Nothing could happen to such a careful woman as you are," he said, smiling again. "You ought to live to ninety—with luck."

It was clear to him that the situation was getting on his nerves. Unremembered but terrible dreams haunted his sleep. Dreams in which some great inevitable disaster was always pressing upon him, although he could never discover what it was. Each morning he awoke unrefreshed to face another day of torment. He could not meet the woman's eyes for fear of revealing the threat that was in his own.

Delay was dangerous and foolish. He had thought out every move in that contest of wits which was to remove the shadow of the rope from his own neck and place it about that of the woman. There was a little risk, but the stake was a big one. He had but to set the ball rolling and others would keep it on its course. It was time to act.

He came in a little jaded from his afternoon walk and left his tea untouched. He ate but a little dinner and, sitting hunched up over the fire, told the woman that he had taken a slight chill. Her concern, he felt grimly, might have been greater if she had known the cause.

He was no better next day and, after lunch, called in to consult his doctor. He left with a clean bill of health except for a slight digestive derangement, the remedy for which he took away with him in a bottle. For two days he swallowed one tablespoonful three times a day in water, without result; then he took to his bed.

"A day or two in bed won't hurt you," said the doctor. "Show me that tongue of yours again."

"But what is the matter with me, Roberts?" inquired the patient.

The doctor pondered. "Nothing to trouble about . . . nerves a bit wrong . . . digestion a little bit impaired. You'll be all right in a day or two."

Goddard nodded. So far, so good. Roberts had not outlived his usefulness. He smiled grimly after the doctor had left at the surprise he was preparing for him. A little rough on Roberts and his professional reputation, perhaps, but these things could not be avoided.

Goddard lay back and visualized the program: A day or two longer, getting gradually worse, then a little sickness. After that a nervous, somewhat shamefaced patient hinting at things: His food had a queer taste, he felt worse after taking it; he knew it was ridiculous, still . . . there was some of his beef tea he had put aside, perhaps the doctor would like to examine it and the medicine? Secretions, too; perhaps he would like to see these?

Propped on his elbow, he stared fixedly at the wall. There would be a trace—a faint trace—of arsenic in the secretions. There would be more than a trace in the other things. An attempt to poison him would be clearly indicated, and . . . his wife's symptoms had resembled his own. . . . Let Hannah get out of the web he was spinning if she could. As for the letter she had threatened him with, let her produce it; it could only recoil upon herself. Fifty letters could not save her from the doom he was preparing for her. It was her life or his, and he would show no mercy.

For three days he doctored himself with sedulous care, watching himself anxiously the while. His nerve was going and he knew it. Before him was the strain of the discovery, the arrest, and the trial. The grewsome business of his wife's death. A long business. He would wait no longer, and he would open the proceedings with dramatic suddenness.

It was between nine and ten o'clock at night when he rang his bell, and it was not until he had rung four times that he heard the heavy steps of Hannah mounting the stairs.

"What d'you want?" she demanded, standing in the doorway.

"I'm very ill," he said, gasping. "Run for the doctor, quick!"

The woman stared at him in genuine amazement. "What, at this time o' night?" she exclaimed. "Not likely."

"I'm dying!" said Goddard in a broken voice.

"Not you," she said, roughly. "You'll be better in the morning."

"I'm dying," he repeated. "Go—for—the—doctor."

The woman hesitated. The rain beat in heavy squalls against the window and the doctor's house was a mile distant on the lonely road. She glanced at the figure on the bed.

"I should catch my death o' cold," she grumbled.

SHE stood sullenly regarding him. He certainly looked very ill, and his death would by no means benefit her. She listened, scowling, to the wind and the rain.

"All right," she said at last, and went noisily from the room.

His face set in a mirthless smile, he heard her bustling about below. The front door slammed violently and he was alone.

Goddard waited for a few minutes, and then, getting out of bed, put on his dressing gown and set about his preparations. With a steady hand he added a little white powder to the remains of his beef tea and to the contents of his bottle of medicine. He stood listening a moment at some faint sound from below, and, having satisfied himself, lit a candle and made his way to Hannah's room. For a space he stood irresolute, looking about him. Then he opened one of the drawers and, placing the broken packet of powder under a pile of clothing at the back, made his way back to bed.

He was disturbed to find that he was trembling with excitement and nervousness. He longed for tobacco, but that was impossible. To reassure himself he began to rehearse his conversation with the doctor, and again he thought over every possible complication. The scene with the woman would be terrible; he

would have to be too ill to take any part in it. The less he said the better. Others would do all that was necessary.

He lay for a long time listening to the sound of the wind and rain. Inside, the house seemed unusually quiet, and with an odd sensation he realized that it was the first time he had been alone in it since his wife's death. He remembered that she would have to be disturbed. The thought was unwelcome. He did not want her to be disturbed. Let the dead sleep.

He sat up in bed and drew his watch from beneath the pillow. Hannah ought to have been back before; in any case she could not be long now. At any moment he might hear her key in the lock. He lay down again and reminded himself that things were shaping well. He had shaped them, and some of the satisfaction of the artist was his.

The silence was oppressive. The house seemed to be listening, waiting. He looked at his watch again and wondered, with a curse, what had happened to the woman. It was clear that the doctor must be out, but that was no reason for her delay. It was close on midnight and the atmosphere of the house seemed in some strange fashion to be brooding and hostile.

IN a lull in the wind he thought he heard footsteps outside, and his face cleared as he sat up, listening for the sound of the key in the door below. In another moment the woman would be in the house and the fears engendered by a disordered fancy would have flown. The sound of the steps had ceased, but he could hear no sound of entrance. Until all hope had gone, he sat listening. He was certain he had heard footsteps. Whose?

Trembling and haggard Goddard sat waiting, assailed by a crowd of murmuring fears. One whispered that he had failed and would have to pay the penalty of failing, that he had gambled with Death and lost.

By a strong effort he fought down these fancies and, closing his eyes, tried to compose himself to rest. It was evident now that the doctor was out and that Hannah was waiting to return with him in his car. He was frightening himself for nothing. At any moment he might hear the sound of their arrival.

He heard something else and, sitting up suddenly, tried to think what it was and what had caused it. It was a very faint sound . . . stealthy. Holding his breath, he waited for it to be repeated. He heard it again, the mere ghost of a sound—the whisper of a sound, but significant, as most whispers are.

He wiped his brow with his sleeve and told himself firmly that it was nerves, and nothing but nerves; but, against his will, he still listened. He fancied now that the sound came from his wife's room, the other side of the landing. It increased in loudness and became more insistent, but with his eyes fixed on the door of his room he still kept himself in hand, and tried to listen instead to the wind and rain.

For a time he heard nothing but that. Then there came a scraping, scurrying noise from his wife's room, and a sudden, terrific crash.

With a loud scream his nerve broke and springing from the bed he sped downstairs and flinging open the front door dashed into the night. The door, caught by the wind, slammed behind him.

With his hand holding the garden gate open, ready for further flight, he stood sobbing for breath. His bare feet were bruised and the rain was very cold, but he took no heed. Then he ran a little way along the road.

He came back slowly. The wind was bitter and he was soaked to the skin. In desperation he made his way back to the house only to find the door closed. The porch gave a little protection from the rain but none from the wind, and shaking in every limb he leaned in abject misery against the door. He pulled himself together after a time and stumbled round to the back door. Locked! And all the lower windows were shuttered. He made his way back to the porch and crouched there in hopeless misery.

Goddard had a dim memory when he awoke of somebody questioning him and then of being half pushed, half carried upstairs to bed. There was something wrong with his head and his chest and he was trembling violently, and very cold. Somebody was speaking.

"You must have taken leave of your senses," said the voice of Hannah. "I thought you were dead."

He forced his eyes open. "Doctor," he muttered, "doctor."

"Out on a bad case," said Hannah. "I waited till I was tired of waiting, and then came along. Good thing for you I did. He'll be round first thing this morning. He ought to be here now."

She bustled about, tidying up the room, his leaden eyes following her as she collected the beef tea and other things on a tray and carried them out.

"NICE thing I did yesterday," she remarked, as she came back. "Left the missus' bedroom window open. When I opened the door this morning I found that beautiful Chippendale glass of hers had blown off the table and smashed to pieces. Did you hear it fall?"

Goddard made no reply. In a confused fashion he was trying to think. Accident or not, the fall of the glass had served its purpose. Were there such things as accidents, or was Life a puzzle . . . a puzzle into which every piece was made to fit? Fear and the wind . . . no . . . no . . . conscience and the wind . . . had saved the woman. He must get the powder back from her drawer . . . before she discovered it and denounced him. The medicine . . . he must remember not to take it.

He was very ill, seriously ill. He must have taken a chill owing to that panic flight into the garden . . . why didn't the doctor come? He had come . . . at last . . . he was doing something to his chest . . . it was cold. . . .

Again . . . the doctor . . . there was something he wanted to tell him . . . Hannah and a powder . . . what was it?

Later on he remembered, together with other things that he had hoped to forget. He lay watching an endless procession of memories, broken at times by a glance at the doctor, the nurse, and Hannah who were all standing near the bed regarding him. They had been there a long time, and they were all very quiet.

The last time he looked at Hannah was the first time for months that he had looked at her without loathing and hatred. Then he knew that he was dying.

THE END

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS PRIME

OLD TRAILS

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

He hustles back to tell the fellows at the bank about the society skirt.

You Long for Pines,
For Ease and Rest—
Your Better Half
Likes Crowds the Best—

So

She would probably fall in a panic were he to see her selling haberdashery.

Where Are You Going This Summer?

Asks

Walter Davenport

Pictures by EDWARD A. WILSON

THE business of taking a vacation occupies me. My family says I need one, which I seriously doubt. My employer says I may take one, which is all very well. I always have taken one, which makes it a habit. And everybody else takes one, so why shouldn't I?

I won't go to the seashore, because I can't swim and don't want to try. I'd hate to climb a fashionable mountain, and, besides, if one goes to our better highlands, much dressing up is necessary. I know a place in the woods where the air is electric, the scenery natural and magnificent, the food safe, and conventional clothes taboo. That's the place for me; but I may not be able to go there this year.

Of course, I might stay home; but I've tried that, and there is no novelty in it. Or I might go to Europe, if I had the time—and the money. About all that I have is leave to take a holiday, which puts me in the position of the dog who always chased automobiles. One day he caught one—and didn't know what to do with it.

Albert, a friend of mine, planned for five years a certain kind of vacation, and to anyone looking for an example of disillusionment I offer Albert. He was an excelsior sorter. I don't know what an excelsior sorter does, but that, fortunately, is not necessary to this article. It is said that the trade recognized Albert as an A1 sorter.

Expert that he was, he didn't get a great deal of money for his sorting. I believe it was something like forty dollars a week. He has a large family and, therefore, isn't very rich.

For five years Albert nursed the idea of saving enough to buy a motor car, taking a month off, and driving himself and his family to Chillicothe, Ohio, his home town. A diligent, persevering man, Albert collected two hundred dollars toward his adventure and took the first step, which was to buy the automobile.

He bought a small delivery car which had, the dealer admitted, been the property of two other men.

"Maybe he was telling the truth, after all," sighed Albert. "Maybe one of the owners was a parachute jumper who always took the flivver with him on his leaps, and maybe the other used that machine for moving dynamite which went off often. Maybe the man was telling the truth, but it don't seem to me that any two men could do all that damage to one car."

It was on a satiny August morning that Albert and his wife and the children—Beatrice, Helene, Oswald, Amanda, Newbold, and Lily—set forth for Chillicothe. A great deal of noise attended their taking off, because the engine was no longer new; but nobody seemed to mind.

Albert lived near the top of a long hill near Philadelphia, so getting the car started westward was no great problem. Albert was at the wheel, with Beatrice and Helene sitting beside him. His wife sat on a camp stool in the back of the car guarding Oswald, Amanda, Newbold, and Lily. There was plenty of room, and fresh straw on the floor of the car, so the youngsters would have restful sleep of nights.

All went well for an hour, when the engine, emitting an unusually vigorous report, went dead. Now, Albert is a pretty good mechanic, too, and a trifle like that didn't dismay him. He lifted the hood to inspect for trouble, but no sooner had he done so than the engine resumed with great gusto.

Every hour or so the engine ceased to function, but never for long. All Albert had to do was to dismount, poke something with a wrench or a screwdriver (it didn't seem to matter what), and the journey would be resumed. The children loved it. Every time the car stopped they would give it cheers of encouragement.

Barring little incidents of this sort, all went well until the third day, when the pilgrims stopped about ten miles outside of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, for lunch. The car was doing fine work, and, in spite of the loss of a few parts which had dropped off along the road, there seemed no good reason to doubt that eventually it would reach Chillicothe.

Albert's wife had just spread a red tablecloth on the grass under a tree and had set out the lunch. Albert had parked the car under another tree across the road and had filled the radiator with water from the brook. The children were as happy as tomtits, and a grand and glorious feeling prevailed.

SUDDENLY the car blew up. Automobile men tell you a car can't blow up, like a boiler does, but I have Albert's word for it, and he doesn't lie just for the sake of lying.

"I had cut off the engine," said Albert, "which makes it hard to understand. But first the old bus gave a little hiss, and then came the end. It sounded like somebody slamming an iron door shut. Clang! Lucky we weren't in it when it happened. Just blew up, that's all."

The children laughed. Albert didn't. His wife smiled. Albert surveyed the ruins for a moment and then walked the ten miles to Chambersburg. He stopped at a large garage, where he told the owner all about it. He didn't have enough money to buy railroad fare for the whole family to Chillicothe, and he didn't like to ship them all back home, now that they had come this far. He told all that to the garage owner, to whom he offered three dollars

to drive out and fetch the family into town.

"Then what are you going to do?" said the garageman.

"I'll be thinking on the way out," said Albert.

I guess the garageman expected to find woe, but he didn't. The children sang and laughed all the way into Chambersburg, and by the time they reached the garage the garageman was laughing, too. I guess he must have fallen in love with the six of those youngsters.

"Thought yet what you're going to do?" he asked.

"No," replied Albert; "I didn't think it would be such a hard job. But I've got to think up something right away."

"Know anything about automobiles?"

"Not much; but I'm a good mechanic."

"Well, I need a man like that, and this town needs kids like these. I got a job here, if you'll take it; and I know a house that will just fit all of you, and the owner will wait for his rent until you get on your feet."

Albert is now a motor mechanic in Chambersburg. That was five years ago. He is planning to take a month off next summer. He purposes buying a good second-hand car, loading his wife and children into it, and driving to Chillicothe, his home town.

It is quite natural that thousands who live in smaller towns and in rural communities should spend much if not all of their summer vacations in large cities. New York hotels, for example, do a tremendous business in the hot months. I am told of a man who lives for eleven months of the year in one of the most beautiful mountain towns in the Cumberland Valley—a place which is continually crowded in the summer by city folks on holiday—who for fifteen years has spent every August in a flat in the Harlem section of New York City.

It is his sister's home. On the first of every August he presents himself at his sister's apartment and settles down to disport himself in a manner which, to the great mass of New Yorkers, is the least enjoyable. He doesn't care for baseball particularly, and the museums and the summer shows do not lure him. He takes night walks through the asphalted streets, and is quite apt to spend the greater part of many days in bed in a room which, like as not, gives upon a court. That's his idea of a holiday.

I know a lawyer who is rich enough to take the entire summer off, if he likes, and spend it as and where he chooses. Yet for years he has taken but a month, and those four weeks he invariably spends sitting on the battered porch of a general store in a Missouri post-village, miles from any body of water larger than an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE becomes, for a fortnight, the nonchalant hope of a wealthy father, and she retaliates with her story, which makes her, for those two weeks, a most sought-after debutante.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

artesian well, and the country is as flat as the paper I write on.

His idea of a good time—and he isn't an old man, by any means—is to loaf at the corner store and swap stories with the farmers. At home he is treated with the deference bred by his important position. Yet he is just his father's, Ed Bitting's, boy out in that Missouri village, and he has to talk loud to be heard and much to be noticed.

There is no mystery about these cases. Each is doing precisely what he wants to do, and not something that he has to. The Cumberland Valley man who spends August in Harlem said:

"For eleven months every year I live according to rule, in what you'd call beautiful country. Well, it is beautiful. I get eleven months of it. If I said to myself, 'Now, I'm going to stay home this August, but I'm not going to observe my regular hours, but going to do just what I feel like doing,' I'd be kidding myself. I couldn't do it. You can't break habit and routine like that. But up there in New York I can do only what I feel like doing."

ONCE there was the theory that summer resorts were going to suffer because of the motor car. Rather than live in resort hotels, they said, people would spend their vacations touring hither and yon in motor cars, which today are within the means of the masses.

But that, like so many other predictions, was wrong. Because of the motor car, the summer resorts are doing a greater business than ever. The same bad prophets are having it that the radio is going to ruin the theaters, the newspapers, the magazines, and the business of publishing books. The chances are excellent that it won't. The radio, like the motor car, will merely serve to expand our capacity for enjoying ourselves, without eliminating any other method of so doing.

Too many summer vacations are ruined by our lack of moral courage. You, for example, know of a quiet, unostentatious place on the seacoast or in the woods which has the advantage of not being crowded. There you have none of the modern opportunities to exhibit yourself. It is a good place to rest, for the simple reason that there is nothing or very little else to do. You return to your job—whether it is keeping books, drawing plans, digging wells, or keeping house—quite refreshed. You haven't danced, eaten highly seasoned foods, consumed synthetic liquor, or done any of the things you might do at home.

You return to indulge in that most popular of autumnal sports—comparing summers—and find yourself on the listening end. The Wilkinsons have spent the warm months at Spink Beach, which is not only expensive but overrun with the social diversions of the Smart Set. There they met everyone who will stand meeting, and were present while the cleverest people delivered their cunningest words.

You are filled with remorse. Where did you spend the summer? At some flannel shirt place nobody ever heard of. Whom did you meet? Nobody but a couple of lumberjacks. In vain you boast of the invigorating air, the wondrous scenery, and the wholesome food (plain but good, and plenty of it, you know). Nobody cares about those things. Now, at Spink Beach——

So, next year you go to Spink Beach!

I am an enthusiastic individualist on the matter of vacations. My wife likes the seacoast, and sees little to rejoice in at the central Maine camp I enjoy. It took us two years to decide that our tastes in such matters were utterly irreconcilable, and now we have eliminated all possibility of wrangling over it. My favorite spot is in Maine, and she goes to Long Island. She meets a hundred friends there, swims, dances, and matches them with word for word. Up North I seldom meet anybody but Al Hartranft, a hatchet-faced, taciturn woodsman who has never been south of Portland but once, which was in 1898. Somebody told Al that the United States was about to fight Spain, and Al, saying that he'd read some about wars but hadn't never seen one, hiked down to Bangor and enlisted. Next thing he knew, they had him in Portland and then on a ship.

"Wan't nothin' t' speak of," Al laments. "Somethin' wrong somewheres. If that was a war, then the folks who write about wars are liars. Disgusted me—that's what it did. Ain't ever read no books since."

Al's my idea of a smart summer colony. The mountains and lakes he knows strike me as the proper place to restock with vigor. There are several million vacationers in this country who would call a month in that camp a criminal waste of time.

The business of taking a vacation has changed. For the worse, if you ask me. At least half the fun of taking a holiday is in the expectation, the preparation, and the going. Why, I remember, when I was very young, spending the two weeks immediately preceding the closing of school dreaming of the little journey I would make to Aunt Ellen's.

There was nothing about Aunt Ellen's place, nor, indeed, about Aunt Ellen herself (dear soul), which was not to be found at the homes of other Aunt Ellens. And it was but a day's ride in leisurely railroad cars. The pies and cakes and cinnamon buns she made were not a bit better than those produced at home. But that was a vacation! *There* was a place where earthly pleasures abounded. Name them? Oh, name them yourself. Didn't you have an Aunt Ellen? But today that ride to Aunt Ellen's might be made in three hours in any motor car worth calling one. No, it isn't because I'm older. The charm is there no more. I asked a small relation of mine, and told him how I, at his age, thought Aunt Ellen's an Eden. Shucks, he'd much rather go to a seaside resort where the traffic is heavier than Fifth Avenue at 4:30.

AT least one feature of vacations seems to persist. The vulgar call it four-flushing, and I know no more compact language. It is—it must be—half the fun of going away. White Pants Willie arrives at Lake Lukins with his carefully calculated bank roll and enough clothes to last him two weeks with one laundering. He meets Alice Adams, who perforce must sail so close to the wind that she is chapped.

He becomes, for a fortnight, the nonchalant hope of a wealthy father, and she retaliates with her story, which makes her, for those two weeks, a most sought-after debutante. He is bored beyond measure. That is why he has come to Lake Lukins. So tired of Pride's Crossing, Beverly, his pa's thousand-acre camp in Northern Michigan, and his pal's shooting preserves in British Columbia. Dad wanted him to go to Europe again, too. What a bore, what a bore.

And she? Why, she is doing almost exactly the same thing. Funny, isn't it? Just ran down to Lukins to get away from society. Isn't it funny two such superior people should meet like that? Fate—that's what. Let's see, didn't she see him at Palm Beach last winter? No; he spent the winter on the Riviera.

And he hustles back, after two weeks, to tell the fellows at the bank about the society skirt he met and how he kidded her. He doesn't buy his collars and neckties at the Big Store; which is just as well for the peace of mind of both of them, because she would probably fall in a panic were he to see her selling haberdashery.

A great game. Not extraordinary in any way. Just life, that's all. Both of them—all of us—go through our days doing directly or indirectly the same thing. We waste lots of time putting it over, and then wonder whether it was worth while. Stop wondering. It's distinctly worth while.

It is just like so many vacations. We work at top speed to accumulate the money for the holiday, and then we live twice as fast during the fortnight, or month, or two months, trying to crowd into those few days all the things we have yearned for a year to do and to do which we have been saving money.

No, I'm not soured on vacations, and I have as many pretty illusions in my repertoire as the next man of my years—more than the average, I'll bet—but it does seem a shame that competition and standardization, so skillfully blended in business, should have entered the soul of what once was something to dream about before and after—the summer vacation.

THE ease with which great men take vacations occasionally annoys me. Jeremiah O. Pflach is nominated for Governor. For two months Mr. Pflach tours the State in a Pullman. He is surrounded by attentive secretaries and body-servants. He spends many of his nights in the prize suites of good hotels. He makes one and sometimes two speeches a night. The hard plowing is done by reliable spellbinders who hold forth night after night, indoors and out, before small crowds and large.

Mr. Pflach is elected. Does he go back to his job of work to await induction into office? He does not. He takes a two-month vacation at some famous resort. Why? The great man was wearied by the rigorous campaign.

Jim, a friend of mine, arrived from France early in 1919 looking for a job. Jim had spent about two years in France helping out the A. E. F. with a rifle and a bayonet. He had done a pretty fair job of it. One day, while both sides were letting off steam, Jim was taken in the hip by a peck or so of shrapnel, and spent the next few months in a hospital.

He was discharged, but was still a trifle weary. Nevertheless, he worked up a grin and went to the office from which he had enlisted in April, 1917. At that time he had been told his job would be awaiting him when he returned.

"I guess the old job's here, all right," said the head of Jim's old department. "But you'll have to wait a little while, until the big boss gets back. You see, they had to fill your job while you were away, and that makes it complicated, and——"

"Sure," said Jim. "When will the big boy be back?"

"Don't exactly know, Jim. You see, he left on a vacation a week or so ago. All run down. Tired out. Needed a rest. He's out in California taking it easy for a while."

"What happened to him?" asked Jim.

"Oh, nothing in particular. Just worn out. You see, he was a member of the local food conservation advisory board for six months, and it just wore him out. War work, you know."

"Yeh," agreed Jim, "it sure wears a guy out."

So, Jim, having a mother to support, went to work driving a laundry truck and worrying over his former employer's health.

At any rate, I'm about to take a vacation. And, in case I can't go to that Maine camp this year, have you any suggestions to offer?

THE END

Some Business Bunk

EVERY man present listens with half his mind. With the other half he is wondering how he can appear to advantage when the talk becomes general.

We're Beginning to Speak of "Conferences" with Our Tongues in Our Cheeks. But Before We Are Too Much Amused Let's Find Out at Whose Expense We Are Chuckling

By ROY S. DURSTINE

Picture by HERMAN PALMER

ALMOST every comic writer feels certain of a hearty laugh when he mentions the word "conference." It is assumed that in a "conference" nothing occurs except conversation about golf, bootleggers, and smoking car anecdotes.

In so far as these thrusts have slowed down the business man who likes to make everything about himself mysterious and important, they have been very useful. Anything which crumples the stuffed-shirt is useful. When once the evasions and pompous circumlocutions of business have been removed, there will be time to get something done.

Conference is not always merely a comic word. It is often tragic. It is frequently the scene of murder—the murder of useful ideas.

That's because thinking and talking are two very different processes. They call for different talents. The man who can think is often a very indifferent talker and talking is the life blood of the conference.

"That advertising conference comes this afternoon," says the sales manager, putting his head in the president's door. "Shall we ask everybody in?"

"Yes. Better have everyone's idea," says the president, and then, as fast as typewriter keys can impress carbon paper, the clans are gathered.

Into the conference room they file at the appointed hour. Of all the dead spots in any office, the conference room is the deadest. Once an advertising man tried to brighten up his own conference room by hanging up a series of vivid original posters. But he took them down after one of his customers entered the room, paused for a moment, and exclaimed: "Who in hell painted those?"

Conference rooms are either premeditated or they just happen.

If they are premeditated, the man who plans them tries to make them look as much as possible like a photograph of a Wall Street directors' room where railroads are merged. The round-shouldered mahogany chairs are ranged up and down the sides and at the ends of the long mahogany table, with white pads of paper and sharp pencils neatly placed in front of each chair. The paper and pencils are important, for, otherwise, there would be nothing for the conferees to tear into small pieces and nothing on which to draw their curlicues.

If the conference room has just happened, it is probably tucked away in a corner of the factory where the steam pipes sizzle freely, where the trucks on the cobblestones outside can be heard most clearly, and where the occasional thud of heavy loads dropped on the floor above will punctuate the most interesting parts of the discussion.

The executives flock in. There is a good deal of hilarity, not quite genuine, in an evident attempt on the part of the less substantial to appear at ease. The president comes in exactly on time, waves the sales manager toward the chairman's seat and settles into a chair, looking about him with short nods to everybody.

The meeting is now ready to begin, the air full of electricity, everyone on edge, everyone thinking solely of how to dodge the president's sallies and how to appear in the best possible light.

Perhaps that is the reason so little is accomplished at meetings of this kind. No one is relaxed, no one is able to think quietly about

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Stockings are bigger factors in the lives of American men and women than they have ever been. And the reason is that stockings are more attractive in pattern, color and texture than they have ever been. Also they carry their wearers over longer miles. In helping to bring to you this more alluring and really better hosiery, Phoenix has built its world leadership. And it is strenuously maintaining that leadership by a *quality* and *price* that cannot be matched outside the good shops that sell

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

the subject of the meeting, no one feels able to stay out of the discussion.

Presently, in this meeting, as in most conferences, the various types begin to disclose themselves.

The watchdog of the treasury gets into action very early. Usually he isn't the company's treasurer. Most treasurers listen attentively and say little. They never draw curlicues on their pads. Now and then they write down a phrase or a few figures and the questions they ask are pertinent and vital. Otherwise someone else would be treasurer.

But the professional watchdog has what he would describe as an inquiring mind. He's not going to let anybody waste the company's money. His own department having been criticized for extravagance, this is his field day. It is his chance to sound wise and look severe and take pot shots at anything expressed in dollars. Even when figures aren't mentioned he waits for the end of a paragraph and then pounces at the speaker with, "That's all very well, but what would it *cost?*"

He is not to be confused with the policies man in the next chair. The policies man is probably gray in the company's service—disillusioned, cold, exacting, but with a twinkle in his watery eye. He knows what the company's attitude was toward jobbers in 1887 and how its discounts were explained to the trade just after the war—Civil or World.

EVERY conference also has its trimmer. He slides deep down in his chair, and either closes his eyes to register concentration or darts swift glances at each speaker. He is all attention in the early stages of the meeting, especially when the president gives the slightest indication of how his mind is turning. A foxy president could ruin a trimmer. Sometimes he does, but that's after he has found out that the man is a trimmer. For until he is discovered the trimmer gives every appearance of being wise beyond his years and possessed of seasoned ideas which, oddly enough, always exactly coincide with the president's.

Compared to a good, well-oiled trimmer, those old sycophants of French court life, who would swear that yesterday was tomorrow if a Louis said so, were as outspoken as is Borah. A trimmer treads softly until he sees the way the presidential mind is working and then he fights like a lion. All he cares about the wind is which way it is blowing.

In the next chair sits the office stupid. You would think he would learn to stay away from conferences. He never gets anything out of them but blame. It matters little whether he has anything to do with the question under discussion. At some time someone is going to look around quickly for a doorstep on which to leave an orphan idea. There sits the stupid.

"The idea didn't originate with me," the speaker will exclaim. "I heard our worthy friend here suggesting it the other day. Perhaps he had better explain."

The stupid comes up for air. At the moment he was weighing in his mind the comparative advantages of leaving the girl's head on his pad all white or trying to shade it. So he merely looks genial and noncommittal.

"That's the trouble with half-baked ideas," declares the sales manager. "What we need is more straight thinking in this organization."

The stupid realizes that something has been hung on his doorbell again. People start to question him. He answers yes or no. They try to draw him out and he tries to say things which will sound witty and cutting. Presently it seems that for most of the company's mistakes he is to blame. He crawls into his shell and returns to his artistic pursuits.

Now suppose that into a meeting of this sort are brought the company's plans for advertising. For minor executives a meeting about advertising is a gala occasion. Their own departments have been under scrutiny. Now they can sound wise and sensible merely by prefacing what they say with:

"Of course, I don't pose as knowing anything about advertising, but——"

Under this guise you can be as captious as you please and no one can quarrel with you.

"Well, gentlemen, our advertising agents are here," begins the sales manager, "with their recommendations for this year's advertising."

"How much did we spend last year?" asks the watchdog.

"We'll come to that in a moment," says the sales manager, eager to get on.

"Have you been over these plans?" asks the president.

"Only hurriedly."

"Then they don't represent your combined judgment? I mean yours and the advertising department's, as well as the agency's?" The president is severe.

"In a measure, yes," hedges the sales manager.

"Well, let's hear them," says the president.

"But how can we pass on these ideas," interposes the trimmer, even more severely, "unless we know that you all agree on them?"

"Shall we hear what our agency has prepared?" the sales manager asks. "They have brought their copy suggestions, too, and a great deal of art work."

"Ah, pictures!" exclaims the stupid. There's something he can criticize.

"We'll come to that in a moment," the sales manager explodes.

"We're only wasting time in this way," says the president. "If you have anything to tell us, let's have it."

The advertising agency representatives, with this auspicious start, launch into their proposed plans. Every man present listens with half his mind. With the other half he is wondering how he can appear to good advantage when the speaker pauses and the talk becomes general again.

"May I interrupt a moment?" It is the watchdog. "Did I understand you to say that the total sum you are recommending is approximately the same as this past year?"

He is told that his hearing was correct.

"I just wanted to be sure." His eye roves around the table to make sure that everyone understands that at least one person here will put up with no foolishness.

WHEN the plans are read, the agency men have succeeded in bringing a little relaxation and disinterested thought into the session. Then comes the copy itself.

Far down the valley you can hear the baying of the "comma-hounds." When the first layout has been shown and the first piece of copy read they are unleashed.

"Is that supposed to be a tree? Looks more like a bunch of bananas," laughs the watchdog.

"Our signature is never written that way," declares the policies man. "We have used it in the same way for forty-eight years and would never change it. We have put thousands and thousands of dollars behind it."

"Indeed we have," the trimmer agrees.

"Don't you think this copy is pretty long?" asks the president.

"Exactly the way it impressed me," the trimmer chimes in. "Nobody reads long advertisements."

"Another thing," the president goes on, "you want my comment, I suppose, though of course you gentlemen are experts at all this and I'm not. But I was wondering how many people who read these advertisements will know the meaning of the word 'audacious.' I notice you have used it here."

"I noticed the same thing as he read it." Of course the trimmer is at it again. "Just last evening my wife and I were passing a drug store. There was a sign in the window and she asked me what a certain word in it meant. I suppose she is a typical American woman. And yet she didn't know what that word meant. I forget what it was."

And so it goes.

IF it is a morning conference, presently everyone will grow hungry and the whole matter will be left to a smaller group. If it's in the afternoon, many of those present will become weary-eyed from too much lunch, and the result will be the same. But before the meeting breaks up it is safe to say that in every advertising meeting these questions will be asked:

Don't you think that most people only glance through the advertising pages?

Which do you think is better—a right-hand or a left-hand page?

Do you think radio advertising is worth anything?

Don't you think a great deal of money is wasted in advertising every year?

Do you favor large space or small space?

How do you find things in other lines?

Don't you think we need more cumulative effect in our advertising?

How can we give our copy more *punch?*

What percentage of their gross sales do most advertisers put into advertising?

Should we make a research?

Are all of your customers as hard to please as we are?

And then everybody gets up and shakes hands and says:

"Well, I think we got somewhere today, don't you? You talk it over with your people and we'll talk it over with ours, and then we'll get together and go over a few points."

The real trouble with the great American conference is not that there is too little real business; it is that there is too much monkey-business. It is therefore suggested that the following rules be adopted:

Instantly eject from the room anyone starting a sentence with "Now, *I* think——"

Announce that behavior in a conference shall neither raise nor lower the salaries of those participating.

Oblige everyone present to exclaim "You are!" when anyone starts to speak by saying, "Perhaps I am out of order, but——"

Keep out of the room those usually invited "just to get their slants."

Prohibit slants.

Eliminate all ideas that are underdone, half-baked, or hard-boiled.

Have a penalty for wise cracks.

Refuse to have any opinion not substantiated by facts.

Limit each speaker to give speeches of thirty seconds each.

Provide everybody with stop watches, and ink wells to throw if time limit is not observed.

Include only those who could be trusted to make a sound decision single-handed.

Let one of them do it and omit the conference.

THE END

Richard Southall Grant Photo

Miss Kathleen Ray of Earl Carroll's Vanities—a type of femininity of which the American man likes to get an eyeful.

Tastes of the Average American Man

By Brenda Ueland

WHAT does the average American man like? We will say the average American is a fairly good-looking blond, five feet ten inches high, thirty-eight years old, who makes his living by working in an office and has an income ranging from six to fifteen thousand dollars a year. This is not really the average. But never mind. There are a lot of them.

Who knows what he likes? A theatrical producer ought to know what kind of shows, a tailor what kind of clothes, an artist what kind of pictures, an editor what literature, a head waiter what kind of food, and a bartender what kind of drinks.

Earl Carroll, the theatrical producer, with many successful revues, musical comedies, and dramas to his credit, said:

"He likes best of all pretty girls. He'd rather see a pretty girl walk across the stage once during an evening than hear Galli Curci sing."

"Well, what is a pretty girl?"

"Opinion varies on this infinitely. Otherwise only one man in five thousand would be willing to marry. But just the same I know what a pretty girl is, and most men will agree with me.

"She is about five feet six inches tall. Weight, one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Very slim. There are a variety of complexions, all equally good; blonde, or black-haired, or red-haired. I suppose Dorothy Knapp, whom Harrison Fisher picked out as the most beautiful girl in America, would be on the whole the average American's idea of a pretty girl.

Alice Boughton Photo

C. B. Falls, artist, who says American men have their own particular ideals of beauty in pictures.

"She has a straight, short nose and rich color and large, lustrous eyes and good proportions, although she is apt to get too fat. That type of girl can gain nine pounds in a day. But she is something more than pretty, and this is a necessary requirement. She has all the requisite arch, smiling girlish ways. A pretty girl like this arouses in men all their romantic dreams of a lovely and companionable sweetheart. And these dreams are in all Americans, even the most hard boiled.

"In order to produce successful shows for the American man I go on beauty pilgrimages all over the country. I look over as many as five hundred girls in a city. They have to pass on three counts. First, they must have a good figure. This is most important, because we can't change that. Second, a pretty face. But this is less important, because we can fix up a face to look beautiful by make-up. And, third, they must have pleasing personality, brightness, and charm."

This is the kind of clothes the American man likes. Harvey A. Patterson, head of a well-known firm of Fifth Avenue tailors, said:

"The average American man dresses better than the Englishman. He likes clothes less loose and sloppy and less rough in texture. He likes his socks held up tight. He insists upon a more workmanlike job in his clothes than the Englishman. The latter doesn't care if the stitching on the inside of a coat where it doesn't show is irregular. But an American wants microscopic and mathematically perfect stitching. Also, he wants clothes that are smoother and sleeker, less shaggy than the Englishman's, and lighter in weight. This is due partially to our less damp and penetrating climate.

G. Maillard Kesslere Photo

Earl Carroll, specialist in girl shows.

"The American man—gentleman, that is—never has

Here Are His Likes and Dislikes as Analyzed by a Theatrical Producer, a Tailor, an Artist, an Editor, a Head Waiter, and—er—a Bartender; THEY Ought to Know!

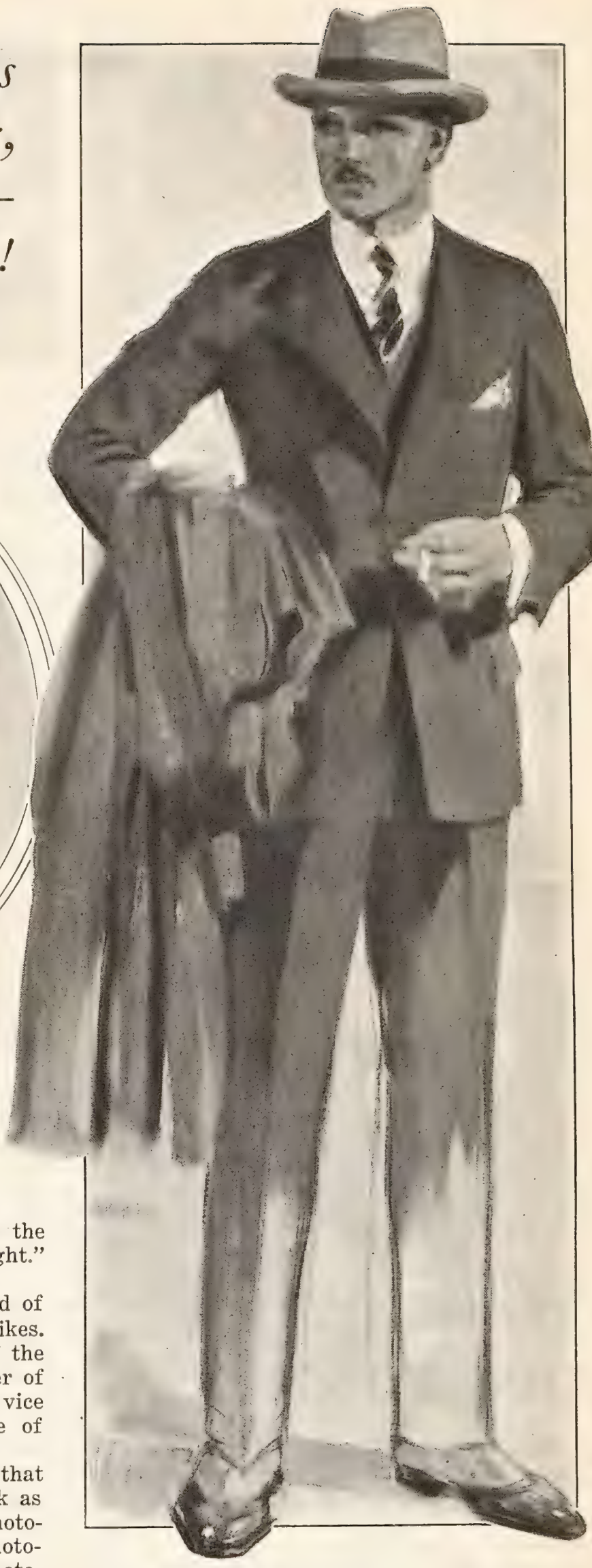
Picture by W. B. KING

White Photo

Ann Pennington, whose long reign as a star is due to the fact that she's something the average American likes.

Wide Awake Photo

This famous American beauty, Dorothy Knapp, was Howard Chandler Christie's favorite model.



We will say the average American is a fairly good-looking blond, five feet ten inches high, thirty-eight years old.

his shoulders padded. He wants a suit to make him look broad shouldered and narrow through the hips. But a coat cut to accentuate this, one which fits as snugly as the coats on forms in department store windows, he will not have. In fitting him we make only the faintest and subtlest variations in cut in order to give him a romantic figure.

"Just now the trend is this: Trousers are wider, coats shorter; collars are lower and more comfortable. Even bankers now wear soft and semi-soft collars with sack suits—not the glassy high things men used to have to wear to impress their associates with their probity.

"And even a very conservative American man will now carry a cane and wear a wrist watch and gaiters in cold weather. And they are more daring in the brightness of their ties.

Photographed by Himself.

Robert H. Davis, discoverer of authors.

"The American will not have plaits in his trousers, even if the Prince of Wales does. In fact, many of the clothes the Prince of Wales likes the American wouldn't wear to a dog fight."

MR. C. B. FALLS told what kind of pictures the American man likes. Mr. Falls is honorary president of the Artists' Guild, an honorary member of the Society of Illustrators and vice president of the Authors' League of America. He said:

"The American likes pictures that have finish, surface, and which look as much as possible like a retouched photograph. Now the joke is that a photograph isn't realistic at all. You photograph some mountains. They look like a row of saw-teeth a thousand miles away. But the artist who paints the mountains with energy makes them look near at hand and amazing, as they do to the eye. Or photograph a person. Every defect in the planes of the face is exaggerated.

"So the American, in magazine covers and advertisements and illustrations, wants pictures that look like retouched photographs. Pictures without force in them, but finish. He wants the skin of a pretty girl to look very, very soft and unnaturally pink, eyes vague and soft, the expression—ice cream. Also, he wants his magazine cover pretty girls to look like magazine covers, not as pretty girls really look.

"Consequently American artists have developed a marvelous skill in finish. Coles Phillips and Leyendecker and the others are wonderful at this. How they can paint silk stockings and velvet and chiffon and linen and curly hair and finger nails! But they and all of us illustrators, because of what the American man likes, are doing our best to be artisans instead of artists. We are well rewarded. We buy country places and own cars. But an artist shouldn't have as much money as all that.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This is the new way to finish a shave

WHEN you wash off the lather after shaving, you take away some of the skin's natural moisture. To keep your skin pliable and free from irritation, you must conserve its natural moisture.

So, after shaving, don't leave the skin totally unprotected. Don't put on powders which absorb moisture. *Help the skin retain its own natural moisture.*

Aqua Velva is a new preparation made by us expressly for this purpose. *It conserves the skin's moisture.* After shaving just pat on a few drops:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from sun and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Thousands of men are now keeping their faces soft and comfortable in this new way. Try it. A 150-drop test bottle will be sent you *free.* Use coupon below or postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

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Liberty-7-4-25

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Harvey A. Patterson, student of men's tastes in clothes.

Still, if we were grim about art and drew pictures for the American man that were really exciting we'd be out on a park bench in no time.

"There are three kinds of pictures he likes. Sentimental ones—an old man mending his shoes, or a dog sitting on his hind legs. Humorous pictures, such as comic strips. And pretty girls! He does not want pictures of poverty. To show poverty is all right in the movies, because as the picture progresses there is rescue from it. Cinderella stuff. But poverty on a magazine cover, with no happy ending to follow—he can't stand that."

Mr. Robert H. Davis is the fiction editor of the Munsey publications, and he has discovered and developed more authors than any other editor. This, he says, is the kind of fiction the American man likes:

"Men as a rule like to read about other people taking chances. They like danger and daring. The right kind of an adventure makes the reader feel that he himself is participating in the demonstration, or could, if he had an opportunity.

"The intrepid reader is legion. He is ready at any time to engage in hand-to-hand conflict with the creatures of some other man's imagination. Fire, flood, and famine mean nothing to him. He will sit up all night, and live and die in every chapter.

"MEN like to read about the under dog. The man who is temporarily down; the brave soul who, overpowered by misfortune, struggles back to supremacy. They like to read of victory after long conflict. As a matter of fact, they do not object to the waving of the American flag, a paradoxical weakness the strength of which Mr. George M. Cohan was the first to discover.

"Love stories!" Mr. Davis exclaimed to my query on the theme of the tender passion. "It is a curious thing, but men prefer courtship to marriage in their fiction. They prefer the preliminaries to the main events. Courtship, after all, is a type of pursuit. Marriage is capture. The interest lags the moment the race ends.

"Now, women, on the other hand, are interested in what occurs afterward; the intrigues, the hard feelings, the misunderstandings, the readjustments, the rending of ties, tears, and then forgiveness.

"It is rather a curious thing, but men have a strong predilection in the direction of sentiment. For example, a man passing along a street sees a funeral cortege leaving church. The deceased is unknown to him. The mourners may be of the humblest rank and yet the passerby will enter the house of worship, deferentially remove his hat, go through the services, feeling all the emotion of a near friend or relative and shed an honest tear at the phrase, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'

"If a woman passes by and sees the burial of a stranger, she is inspired with a curiosity bereft of sentiment. The fact of death attracts her. The suggestion of a possible widower or a beautiful widow appeals to her. But she will sit in the borrowed pew dry-eyed, because the person who died is unknown to her.

"For the same reason, men enjoy sad plays, provided the situations are genuine. At such performances men all over the house make a pretense of polishing their glasses just as an excuse to get a handkerchief near their eyes to absorb the mist."

AS head waiter at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, Henry Petersen speaks as an authority about the American's food preferences.

"The American man likes a big breakfast, cereal and eggs, or a nice piece of steak and a lot of toast and coffee," said Mr. Petersen. "Then he eats meat and potatoes and pie for lunch. Having heard that too much meat is bad for him, he becomes suddenly self-mortifying, and orders turkey or chicken or a two-pound fish. For dinner, red meat, potatoes, a little garnishing of vegetable, and pie and coffee.

"He eats meat usually three times a day. He likes it best in thick, tender slabs of steak or roast beef, which, thanks to the wonderful packing industry in this country, he can get.

"The American man is willing to eat a plain vegetable, like carrots or peas, but only the more literary ones call for artichokes, or celery root, or endive, or alligator pears. Many Americans have a boyish dislike for vegetables, and this is shown by the fact that in restaurants all over the country you can always get good steak and fried potatoes, while the spinach, for example, is lukewarm and tasteless stuff, served in bird bathtubs.

"He doesn't like salad much, but his wife does, and she makes him force it down for his health.

"And pie always. Apple pie all the year around, pumpkin pie and mince pie in winter, and there is now an insatiable demand for deep-dish huckleberry pie, a new form of the old stand-by. And many a man has it every day for lunch except when hoping to close a contract in the early afternoon, in which case he will not jeopardize his impressiveness by a display of blue teeth.

"He loves oysters, and always orders them when in a holiday mood; soup not so much, as it has a quick deadening effect upon cocktails.

"He also doctors things up with catsup and chili sauce and mustard. He has not yet learned to like cheese much. He wants white bread with a soft crust, and never orders jam or marmalade."

THEN I saw a famous bartender, an elderly one, who, man and boy, tended bars all over these United States in the last fifty years. For obvious reasons, over his name we must draw a veil. He said:

"What does the average American man like to drink? Well, let me think. The American man is very particular. He likes a quart of nice champagne with his dinner in the evening or in the early afternoon. Give him a half dozen glasses of Mumm's Extra Dry, and I tell you he enjoys them with a keen relish it's a pleasure to see.

"Then he likes a nice wine, sauterne or claret, and is very fond of sparkling Burgundy and Moselle. He also likes fine old sherry or 'red ink,' particularly with filet of sole, or pheasant, or a plate of ham and eggs; vermouth in cocktails.

Elvira Studio Photo
Henry Petersen, who knows men like pie

"And, speaking of cocktails, he likes those, too, particularly Bronx cocktails, although he likes dry Martinis or a nice old-fashioned whisky cocktail with a piece of lemon peel curled in it. And, yes, he's very fond of Clover Club cocktails and stingers and orange blossoms. Very.

"He also is a great one for highballs—Scotch or rye or Bourbon—with his meals and between meals. I never see a time when he don't enjoy one of these.

"Then, he likes gin. Yes, he likes that. And grain alcohol. He'll even take ginger ale if he can get a slug of alcohol to put in it.

"Now, thinking it over, the only drink I ever see the American man don't enjoy is near-beer. And there are some who've been cast away on a raft without water for three weeks who can even get that down with ten grains of aspirin."

ALWAYS.

THE END

New Light on the Perils of Washington—Where Lunch Is a Lure and Dinner a Deadly Danger!

Pictures by J. NORMAN LYND

It is just as wicked to overwork the digestive organs as it is to overwork your horse.

Do Statesmen Dig *Their* Graves *with Their* Teeth?

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States Senator from New York; Former Commissioner of Public Health, New York City.

ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND was born at Dexter, Michigan, November 7, 1868. He received his M. D. degree from the University of Michigan in 1889, and did post-graduate work in England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium. He practiced medicine in Bay City, Michigan, from 1890 to 1895, and was professor of ophthalmology at the University of Michigan from 1895 to 1908. Subsequently he was dean of the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital and professor of ophthalmology from 1908 to 1918. Next he was commissioner of public health and president of the New York City Board of Health from 1918 to 1923. He was then elected United States Senator from New York for the term of 1923-29.

He has received honorary degrees from the following colleges and universities: Honorary A. M. from Lawrence University, 1897, and Hahnemann College, Philadelphia, 1921; LL.D., Syracuse University, 1923.

THERE are times when I think the American people would not mourn much if statesmen should set out deliberately to dig their graves with their teeth, or, for that matter, to dig them in any other way. I am not sure, too, but statesmen dig their political graves with their teeth, or at least with their tongues and jaws.

We need not stop to define accurately what is meant by a "statesman." Let us assume that a statesman is any man who is giving his whole time to the public service. There will be plenty to say that many such men are far from being statesmen, but that is a subject which can be discussed some other time.

Statesmen live the same kind of sedentary lives that business executives follow. Some days are extremely dull and monotonous. Other days are so exciting that great strain is placed upon the heart and blood vessels.

Almost beyond all other men, the statesman must possess a fine physique. He must be in perfect physical trim and ever ready to face any emergency. On occasions, extraordinary demands are made upon his mind and body because of the necessity of making a long speech.

It is the machine used only on occasions which is apt to be found defective. It becomes rusted in one part or corroded in another. When it is called upon suddenly for hard and long continued usage, its owner is chagrined to find it broken and incapable of meeting the demands placed upon it.

The human body is a machine and liable to similar defects and failures.

Statesmen would rarely become statesmen without possessing strong, vigorous, vibrant, resistant bodies. Such bodies do not fail when unusual calls are made upon them.

How is a statesman to keep fit? What manner of life must he lead in order that his body may be perfect and ready for any demand? What sacrifices must he make? What particular practices are to be avoided?

To my mind, the eating habits of the statesman represent his greatest failing. If he is vulnerable anywhere, it is in his appetites.

I have been pained to observe the steadily increasing girth and *embonpoint* of statesmen. One does not have to be an expert to observe the change which takes place between the beginning and the end of a Congressional session, or between the beginning and end of a business or a financial year.

Added weight is indicative of one of two things: it proves a lack of exercise or it reveals an inexcusable habit, the bad practice of overeating. Perhaps it indicates both.

IN any business where there are no established hours of work it is impossible to maintain a systematic method of exercising. In the Congress of the United States it is difficult to have a stated time for eating. The session opens at twelve o'clock, too early for lunch. It runs on continuously until adjournment, which may be at five o'clock, six o'clock, or even as late as eleven o'clock.

The statesman who is worth while is interested in many legislative matters, but he never can be sure when they are to come up for consideration. It is not difficult, then, to see that the legislator anxious to perform his official duties is more or less a slave and must hold himself in readiness for action at any moment. This necessity interferes with his regular

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luncheon, and during certain seasons of the year there is no certainty at all as to when he will have his dinner.

In emergencies the statesman may be kept up to a very late hour. A matter requiring study and research may keep him busy into the wee small hours of the morning.

I say nothing about social duties. But they must be given attention. Because a public servant is considered to be public property, not only must he look after legislative duties but it is incumbent upon him to be more or less active in social functions. Too many of these functions coincide with banquets or suppers, when unneeded and improper viands are partaken of by the overfed legislator.

The statesman's life interferes with simplicity and regularity in eating and resting and walking and sleeping, which are so essential to good health and vigor. Irregularity of any sort is fatal to the highest degree of physical perfection.

WHAT I have said about the irregularity of meal hours suggests at once the bad effects which must come from such an eating schedule. One day the statesman waits so long for his luncheon that he is terrifically hungry. In consequence, he overeats. Before that meal is taken care of, it is time for his dinner, perhaps, when he has no appetite and before digestion of his hastily eaten luncheon has taken place.

Such eating habits must result in fermentation, intestinal distress, bloating, and all the other symptoms associated with indigestion. It may be truly said that the statesman is digging his grave with his teeth.

It is interesting to note what bad judgment is shown in the selection of foods. A statesman may know everything in the world and yet not know how to select a meal. If the fate of this country and of other nations depended upon knowledge so ill founded and defective as the average statesman shows in the selection of his food, the world would go to the bowwows.

I have spoken about the increasing waistline of public men. It is not because of the appearance that I rail against overweight. It is because of the menace of fatness to the prospects of health and life.

Fat isn't a thing which is laid on the surface as plaster is put upon the walls. Fat is distributed throughout the body. When it is found externally, it is found internally. It displaces the muscle of the heart; it clogs the kidneys; it obstructs the liver; it interferes with all the vital organs. It is not put on like a coat. It is deposited throughout the body, wherever the cells and fibers of the system are found.

What is the effect of overweight upon health and life? In this connection let me tell you a very important thing:

A man fifty years of age who is fifty pounds overweight has lessened his chance of living fifty per cent.

What does this mean to the statesman? It means that the man who has increased materially in weight, has lessened his prospect of long life.

With lessened physical efficiency must come lowered mental efficiency. Alertness, quickness of thought, and all the other qualities of mind admired in the man of genius must be lessened if the functions of the vital organs are interfered with by an accumulation of useless fat.

To avoid taking on weight, care must be exercised in the selection and quantity of food. Ordinarily, the amount required for good health depends on the age, degree of physical activity, and the skin area of the body.

Of course, this rule is not absolute. If you have ever observed a lot of horses of about the same size and age, you must have noticed that they differ materially in their eating habits. Some are "good keepers," thriving on small rations, while others demand inordinate quantities of feed. Human beings are like animals in this respect.

When you discover the minimum quantity of food you need, and school yourself to take no more than that amount, the wear and tear on the machinery of your body will be lessened materially. It stands to reason that life will be prolonged by this practice.

An important purpose of food is to furnish body heat. This is radiated by the skin and passes off through the surface of the body.

Somebody who was interested has carefully measured the area of the skin surface, both of grown persons and of babies. A person five feet eleven inches tall and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds has a skin surface in the neighborhood of twenty square feet. An infant weighting ten pounds, or only one-eighteenth as much as the man, has a skin area of about three square feet, just about one-seventh of the man's area.

You must feed people according to the amount of the body surface, and not according to the weight or size. If they were fed according to height or weight, the one-hundred-and-eighty-pound man would require eighteen times as much food as the baby. As a matter of fact, he requires only about seven times as much food, because his skin surface is only seven times as great as the baby's. As he grows older, the statesman requires less food, proportionately, because the skin surface does not increase in the same ratio that the body does.

Everybody should possess a knowledge of food values and proper combinations. It isn't enough to eat merely to destroy hunger or to satisfy appetite. It isn't right to eat with the sole purpose of gratifying the palate.

Perhaps the greatest evil about eating is the bad practice of eating too much. It is just as wicked to overwork the digestive organs as it is to overwork your horse. You can be arrested for abusing an animal. The penalty for abusing your stomach habitually may not be applied so summarily, but it is far more certain to be inflicted ultimately. Impaired health and shortened life are the inevitable consequences.

Some folks can eat anything that doesn't bite them first. But when a statesman knows he is uncomfortable or ill every time a given thing is eaten, why does he eat it? Common sense demands that there be omitted from the diet every article of doubtful effect. Otherwise, the teeth are engaged in the grave-digging operation.

It is necessary not only for statesmen but for lawyers and bankers and brokers and business men generally to give the most intelligent attention to their eating and to their physical habits. The shortest cut to the graveyard is found in the choicest selections from the menu.

DO statesmen dig their graves with their teeth? In one sense, they do not. Too many persons eat as if they had never discovered their teeth. They bite off a mouthful and swallow it whole.

Why did Nature give teeth to men? To cut and grind and crush the food. This must be done to prepare it for the action of the juices of the stomach. One might just as well place a chunk of coal weighing a ton upon the fire and expect to have satisfactory heating results as to put the unprepared food in the stomach and expect the gastric juices to act upon it.

Have you ever thought why it is you enjoy your food? You relish its taste and flavor. There are all sorts of delightful sensations associated with the eating of food. Probably you have not thought, however, that all these sensations originate and end in the mouth and throat.

After you have swallowed the food, after the bolus has passed the throat on the way to the stomach, it means nothing to you. It might as well be so much sawdust or pine shavings so far as taste is concerned.

The taste, which is all there is to the enjoyment of the food, is in the mouth. The longer you chew the food the more you will like it. If you wish really to enjoy the things you eat you will chew the food a little more.

I wonder how many statesmen bear in mind that the digestion and assimilation of food depend upon something more than eating and swallowing a meal? A tremendous amount depends upon the oxygen which is taken into the

As One Senator Sees Another

A MEMBER of the United States Senate less than two years, Senator Copeland has made a physical appraisal of his colleagues and has come to the conclusion that senatorial habits and life are not conducive to good health. Senator Copeland has observed with alarm the generally expansive girth which members of the Upper House acquire after wearing the Senatorial toga for some time.

Here are some of Senator Copeland's observations and suggestions:

Fat is distributed throughout the body. When it is found externally, it is found internally.

A man fifty years of age who is fifty pounds overweight has lessened his chance of living fifty per cent.

When you discover the minimum quantity of food you need, and school yourself to take no more than that amount, the wear and tear on the machinery of your body will be lessened materially.

You must feed people according to the amount of the body surface, and not according to the weight or size.

It is necessary . . . to give the most intelligent attention to . . . eating and to . . . physical habits. The shortest cut to the graveyard is found in the choicest selections from the bill of fare.

During the last year four members of the United States Senate have died. I have not the slightest doubt that the vile air of the Senate chamber had much to do with hastening their deaths.

Too many statesmen have laid the foundations for . . . serious conditions because they have eaten too much and have not exercised and breathed and treated the body as must be done in order to dispose of the food they have eaten.

The public schools teach everything except how to live.

The average man does not know how to take care of his body and treat it as it should be treated.

Many a man of great intellectual prowess has been put in his grave a decade or two ahead of his time simply because he has neglected to observe a few simple rules of hygiene.

A STATESMAN may know everything in the world and yet not know how to select a meal.

lungs. Food is of no value until it has been oxidized, and the assimilation of food is not accomplished unless an abundance of fresh air is taken into the lungs to help oxidation.

It is safe to assume that the average statesman or the average business man or lawyer lives in a contaminated atmosphere. Most legislative chambers are devoid of air. Unless an abundance of oxygen is supplied the lungs, the body must dispose of the unassimilated portions of the food. This strains the eliminative organs.

During the last year four members of the United States Senate have died. I have not the slightest doubt that the vile air of the Senate chamber had much to do with hastening their deaths. Men cannot live to their normal expectations in such an atmosphere.

A statesman spends a lifetime preparing himself for his high office. He spends weeks, perhaps, in getting the material together relating to some great legislative problem. He may spend hours in presenting it to the committee or to the legislative body.

Contrast the time spent this way with the study given the menu in the restaurant. One brief glance results in an order of some impossible combination of foods. When taken into the system they simply retard the functions of the body and overload the digestive organs. Instead of providing a meal which restores the waste and renews the energy, such foods clog the system and lead to irritation and disease.

Why should not statesmen exercise some fraction at least of the brain power employed in their regular duties in the care and upbuilding of the body without which everything else must fail?

THE public schools teach everything except how to live. I am aware that there are many wise teachers who are giving instruction in the simple things which make for better health and long life. It must be admitted, however, that too many children go through school and out into the world without having been taught the most important thing in the world—how to live.

The average man will go through his entire career without adding to what he has learned in school about certain things. If he learned little about the fundamentals of proper living, when he becomes a statesman he is no wiser than he was when he left his school a quarter or half a century before.

This may seem an extravagant statement of the situation, but I am perfectly serious in my statement that the average man does not know how to take care of his body and how to treat it as it should be treated. It is a lamentable fact, of course, that a great many persons do know better. They deliberately and willfully abuse their bodies. Apparently flattering themselves that Nature will overlook their violations of the rules of living, they go madly forward. Many a man of great intellectual prowess has been put in his grave a decade or two ahead of his time simply because he has neglected to observe a few simple rules of hygiene. Chief of all these missions is the neglect of the application of common sense to the choice and consumption of food.

Do statesmen dig their graves with their teeth? Statesmen do, I regret to say, and so do business men and professional men, great financiers, leaders of thought in every department of human endeavor. Yes, too many men go to early graves, graves they have dug with their teeth.

THE END

Madame JUDAS

An Exciting Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By Margaret Turnbull

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

Who's Who *in the* Sixth Installment

ANDREW DICKERSON, *attorney, who is defending*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania. Doctor Eliot is on trial charged with poisoning his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *the best-liked man in the county, with arsenic. Doctor Eliot's supposed motive was love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *a charming but mysterious Connecticut woman whom Doctor Fairlie had married some months before his death. Laura Fairlie's apparent determination to see Doctor Eliot punished is opposed by*

EVE HAMILTON, *the unmarried, beautiful survivor of a wealthy family. Eve, a friend for years of both physicians, believing in Eliot's innocence, asks*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted newspaper woman, to investigate Laura's past, hoping to discredit the testimony which*

TOM JERNAY, *district attorney, draws from Laura. Laura's story implies that Doctor Eliot had prepared the medicines given Doctor Fairlie for a supposed attack of ptomaine poisoning. She concludes by saying that Doctor Fairlie had loved Eve. Dickerson, not having heard from Juliet, agrees to postpone cross-examination until Laura has rested, and Jernay calls*

HILDA SWENSON, *a servant in the Fairlie home. Hilda surprises everyone by testifying that*

LUIS RAMON, *a Spanish chauffeur whom Doctor Fairlie had hired shortly before his death, and who cannot now be found, had given Doctor Fairlie "white medicine" in brandy and in coffee, before and during his last illness. Court adjourns, and Andrew Dickerson goes with*

BILL DAVIS, *a friend of both doctors and of Eve, to meet Eve and Juliet at dinner. At dinner they discuss Laura Fairlie's anxiety to have Eve remove a picture bequeathed to her by Doctor Fairlie, and a mysterious ringing on the telephone, a party line for Eve and the Fairlies. The following morning Dickerson, using information supplied by Juliet, astounds everybody by forcing Mrs. Fairlie to admit on cross-examination that she had been married to a counterfeiter who died in prison, and that she had known Luis Ramon before her marriage to Doctor Fairlie. He then inquires about the "white medicine" given by Luis.*

THE courtroom was in the midst of the afternoon session. Though the day was sultry, jury and audience showed no signs of languor or fatigue, but were keyed to a high pitch of excitement.

For Andrew Dickerson, celebrated counsel for the defense, had, by skillful probing, forced Laura Fairlie to the statement that Gilbert Eliot had given Doctor Fairlie a dose of medicine from a blue bottle.

"How did you know about this dose of medicine?" Dickerson demanded suddenly. "Did Doctor Eliot tell you about it?"

"No," Laura answered. "Luis Ramon told me."

"What were you told?"

"That Doctor Fairlie had taken a dose of medicine which Doctor Eliot had ordered, and then gone out to make his visits."

"That was all you were told. Nothing more? How did you know that 'medicine' came from a blue bottle?"

"Because I said, 'What medicine?' and Luis shrugged his shoulders and told me, 'From a blue bottle in the drug cabinet. Doctor Eliot, before he went out, told me to put it in Doctor Fairlie's brandy.'"

"How long was that before the doctor returned home, ill?"

"Three or four hours."

Andrew Dickerson took up his notes again, and saw with annoyance that his hand trembled, ever so little. He did not yet know whether this point was to count for or against his client.

It availed the prosecutor nothing to leap to feet and enter an objection to the introduction this testimony, contending that the bottle it had not been admitted as evidence. And Dickerson turned to the judge with the faint shadow of a smile as he said:

"May it please your honor, if my learn friend will have patience he will see why it impossible to put this bottle in evidence."

He turned again to the witness:

"Will you please tell me whether the doc ever, to your knowledge, had another dose of t —medicine—given him, and, if so, when?"

Laura Fairlie hesitated, as though weighi whether this question meant more trouble for h then abruptly plunged into the answer:

"The next dose was given my husband, ag

JULIET JACKSON danced to the terrace with Bill Davis. "Bill," she asked, "is this crowd the kind that will try anything once? I want to do a little sleuthing, and if you don't mind risking your reputation—why, I'll throw in mine."

ctor Eliot's orders, about five minutes after
· Eliot left with Miss Hamilton—the last
He thought it might make the doctor
he said."
d he say that to you? I mean, did you
Doctor Eliot give this order, or any like
at any time?"
re was a pause, in which Laura's eyes
y flashed round to Gilbert Eliot, saw that
ere seeking hers, and turned away. Her
was so low as to be almost unintelligible.
. Luis Ramon told me."
nd you believed him?"
s."
hat became of the bottle from which the
ne was taken?"
half-turned in her chair and fixed her eyes
ra. She could see that Laura Fairlie made
elike thrust of her tongue, to wet her lips.
indeed, was she on dangerous ground, for
had been more eyes than Gilbert Eliot's on
isode. But she was resolute.
was broken—smashed."

"Who smashed it?"

"I did."

"When?"

"After my husband died. I—I was nervous, hysterical. Doctor Eliot and Miss Hamilton tried to give me a dose from the blue bottle. I struck the bottle, and it fell and broke."

"The contents were lost?"

"The contents were thrown out on the rug. Luis Ramon carried both the contents and the broken glass away."

"Where did he put them?"

"Threw them in the garbage can, I presume, or at least he was so instructed."

"Mrs. Fairlie, why did you refuse to take that dose when it was offered you? Why did you destroy the bottle and its contents?"

Breathless with astonishment, Laura Fairlie's audience waited for her answer. She took time to reply. Again the snakelike dart of her tongue, and the moistening of her beautifully shaped, full red lips, then, slowly, she said:

"I—I don't understand. I was nervous, excited, hysterical. I had no—plan—no reason. I—it was simply that the bottle was so closely associated in my mind—with Doctor Fairlie's illness—that I couldn't bear to touch it, and I was afraid of dreaming—I was afraid to go to sleep."

"That was your only reason. You are quite sure?"

"Yes, that was—my only on."

"Cross-examination closed," said Andrew Dickerson.

THERE was a breathless wait and then Miss Rafferty, the trained nurse who had charge of Doctor Fairlie during the last few hours of his life, was put on the stand.

She testified that Hilda Swenson had brought a dose of brandy to the door of the sick room and told her that it had been sent by Doctor Eliot, *but she had not been told that anything had been put in the brandy.* The rest of her testimony did Gilbert Eliot very little good. As testified by the nurse, Doctor Eliot had been nervous, anxious, and had questioned her repeatedly as to who had been in and out of the sick room after he had left. Moreover he had shown no desire to call in any other physicians.

Cross-questioned by Mr. Dickerson, she said that the patient himself had said nothing to her. He had been far too ill, but he had turned when Dr. Eliot entered and had said: "I'm done for, Gilbert, and you know it," and then had been too ill to say anything coherent.

It was dreadful to listen to, and damning for Gilbert. Dickerson asked her, finally, whether Doctor Charlie had been relieved, or not, when Doctor Eliot came in, and she told him, reluctantly, that at the time he had seemed much relieved, and, until she had heard the words she had quoted, she had believed them to be very fond of each other.

Then came the testimony of the people at whose house Doctor Charlie had been on his last official visit, when he had been taken ill, and forced to leave; the people who had seen him on the street last; the testimony from townspeople as to the character and relations of Doctor Fairlie and his partner, Doctor Gilbert Eliot.

It was a revelation to Eve Hamilton. The last two months of Doctor Charlie's life would seem to have been beset with constant endeavors to avoid an open and scandalous rupture in his own household. Eve could not reconcile it with her own opinion of Charlie's character. Downright,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

more apt to cut a nasty knot by a swift ultimatum than anything else, and yet—here were the facts as the world saw them. Had she been wrong, or had Charlie changed, or had his hands been tied?

Eve began to think it must have been that—and, given Laura Fairlie and her past, it looked like it. A man whose wife hid a past like Laura's would have a difficult part to play, and especially Charlie, whose instincts toward women were fine and chivalrous. What scenes, as Laura's hysterical outbursts had taught Eve, must have been Charlie's daily portion!

THEN came the brief testimony of other physicians, to the effect that unless criminally negligent, Doctor Eliot must have known that the symptoms were those of arsenical poisoning, grudgingly admitting in the next moment that the symptoms were at times easily mistaken for those which accompanied ptomaine poisoning when complicated by a form of dysentery or "summer cholera," or any severe digestive disturbance.

Yet, slowly and carefully, as the bulk of the testimony sifted itself, the prosecution fastened the guilt upon Gilbert's shoulders, as with equal patience and skill Andrew Dickerson, with his cross-examinations, tried to hold the balance true, pointing out carefully to the jury wherein they might be wrong, wherein they were wrong, and why.

The witness, Hilda Swenson, was recalled to undergo her cross-examination.

Hilda's wide face lit up with a smile when she saw that it was Andrew Dickerson who was to conduct the examination.

"Hare I ban, Mister Dickerson. How you do?"

Andrew Dickerson bowed and smiled gravely to Hilda, and then, glancing at the pages of her previous testimony, said:

"Hilda, I see that you say this white medicine which was put in the brandy offered to Doctor Fairlie was in a blue bottle?"

"Yah, the bottle ban blue."

"And the medicine?"

"The medicine he ban white."

"Did this Luis or Louey Ramon ever tell you what kind of medicine it was?"

"Na. He only say it was medicine for Doctor Yarlie."

"Did you ever see it again?"

"Yah."

"When?"

"When Mrs. Yarlie she ban scream like hall that time the doctors want Doctor Yarlie's body."

"Who had the medicine then?"

"Doctor Elyot, he have it."

It took all the courtroom by surprise, and no one was more surprised than Andrew Dickerson. It took every ounce of training and nerve to stand there, still, intent, without betraying that within his clever brain this thought was surging: Had he condemned, by his own questioning, the man he was trying to save?

Eve was leaning forward, strained and wide-eyed; the district attorney had turned and was staring at his opponent, openly betraying his astonishment.

"Be careful, Hilda, and think well before you answer me, for it is most important that you should be sure," said Andrew Dickerson, quietly and slowly. "Where did you see this bottle of medicine that Luis or Louey Ramon had in his hand, after you had seen Luis or Louey putting the white medicine from it into the brandy?"

"Like I tall you, Mister Dickerson, I ban seeing that bottle in Doctor Elyot's hands when Mrs. Doctor Yarlie she ban screaming."

"How do you know it was the same bottle of medicine?"

"I ban knowing. It ban a big blue bottle, with all the paper off it. There ban no other bottle like that in the doctor's cabinet."

"It was the only blue bottle in the cabinet?"

"Yah."

"Hilda, if you are so sure about this bottle, tell us where it is now, so that we may send for it and have you identify it."

"Mrs. Yarlie she ban smashed it all oop. You can't get him. Doctor Elyot, he say she take him, the bromide, in the water, and then she scream out dreadful, and then she break the glass and she smash the bottle. Louey he take him away all smashed up."

"BUT you are talking about the bromide that Doctor Eliot tried to give Mrs. Fairlie, not the white medicine that Luis gave in the brandy. There must have been two bottles, Hilda. Two blue bottles."

"No. One blue bottle. I know."

"How can you know?"

"I ban knowing, Mister Dickerson, because first I ban seeing Louey put him back in the cabinet, and then I ban seeing Doctor Elyot take heem out, and last I ban knowing it is the same because of what Mrs. Yarlie she say when she smash him."

"Because of what Mrs. Fairlie said—but, Hilda, how could Mrs. Fairlie know it was the same bottle?"

"She knowing. Whan Doctor Elyot he measure out the bromide, she don't want to take that medicine. She knowing, so she break the glass, and bust the bottle, and scream out: 'You shall not kill me, too!'"

The district attorney was on his feet, after the first gasp of astonishment, vigorously protesting against the testimony, as hearsay only, and therefore inadmissible.

When the tumult had died down, and the courtroom took another

long breath after the second sensation of the day, Andrew Dickerson, shaken himself but holding resolutely to his desire for the whole truth, again began to question his witness.

"Hilda, you are still sure about the bottle, the bottle which held the bromide, being the same bottle that Luis used when he doctored the brandy for Doctor Charlie?"

"Yah."

"But you are mistaken, are you not, about what you have just said Mrs. Doctor Fairlie called out. Be careful and think, Hilda, before you answer."

THE district attorney objected, but was overruled. The judge, in view of the witness' difficulty with English, approved the effort Mr. Dickerson was making to get a clear meaning of her testimony for the jury.

"Mrs. Doctor Yarlie, she knew," Hilda persisted. "She ban afraid to take that bromide. She ban afraid it ain't bromide. She knowing."

The district attorney, his face white with the strain of this session, registered his exception to all that Hilda, though his own witness, had said about Mrs. Fairlie and the "bromide."

Andrew Dickerson contented himself with asking Hilda one other question.

"This 'white medicine' or 'bromide' which was in the blue bottle, together with the fragments of the blue glass bottle—where were they thrown? In the kitchen garbage pail?"

"Na," Hilda said. "Louey, he took them out himself to the garden to bury them, because he said Mrs. Yarlie she do not want her cat to get killed if it came back."

"If what came back, Hilda? I do not understand."

Hilda began to laugh. "Na, I betcht you don't understand," she said, smiling. "It is a good yoke, Mister Dickerson. Mrs. Yarlie's cat he can't come back to eat that medicine and die, because why? Because I knew that Louey he buried him in the garden a week ago. I saw him in the moonlight from my window, he ban all stiff'n dead, but Louey he ain't tell."

"You mean that the cat was already dead before the blue bottle was broken and the white medicine or bromide spilled, but, though Luis knew this, he did not tell Mrs. Charlie?"

"Na, the yoke is better than that even. The cat he was dead and poisoned before the bottle he broke and Mrs. Yarlie she knew it, because when Louey he bury him that night first he tall Mrs. Yarlie. The yoke is that he cannot be poisoned twice, though a cat he have nine lives."

"I am afraid, Hilda," Mr. Dickerson said slowly, breaking the laughterless silence that followed this "yoke," "that no one in this case or in this court is in the mood for a joke, and if the cat was dead before the bottle was broken the joke is as dead as the cat."

There was a subdued ripple of laughter from the courtroom, grateful for anything that would in any measure relieve the tension.

Abruptly returning to the question of the blue bottle, Andrew Dickerson asked Hilda if by any chance the bromide was in a blue bottle in some other room, but Hilda was not to be shaken. Then, as though giving the whole matter up, he smiled at Hilda and said:

"Where was this mysterious joke cat buried, Hilda? This cat that couldn't be poisoned by 'bromide' because it had already died one of its deaths?"

"Behind the hedge of the rose garden,"

Eve was leaning forward, strained and wide-eyed.

Hilda told him, smiling. "Yoost where you turn on the path to go to the garage. But he is good and dead, Mr. Dickerson; ain't no use digging him oop."

As the district attorney rose to object to the manner and method in which the cross-examination was being conducted, Andrew Dickerson turned to him with a bow.

"I am sorry that it meets with your disfavor, sir, but there is need for no further objection on your part, as the cross-examination is closed."

"No re-direct," the district attorney snapped. He had very little desire to cope again with Hilda's broken English and stubborn mind. Until he had conferred with Mrs. Fairlie he dared not examine Hilda further, and this he knew Andrew Dickerson guessed.

Then as, suddenly, the prosecution rested its case, and court adjourned for the day, Andrew Dickerson turned to his client:

"Gilbert, since Doctor Charlie left his house and grounds to you, I'd like a line to Ethan Halsey, the administrator, asking him to give me permission to visit the grounds and, if necessary, dig up a portion of the garden."

Gilbert's face set. "What do you want to dig up the garden for?"

"A cat," Andrew Dickerson told him, laconically. "The 'yoke,' as Hilda called it, may be on me, but I shall want to know—about that cat."

"No," Gilbert told him, grimly. "I will sanction nothing of the sort, and if you're a wise man, Andrew, you'll leave that cat—where it is."

II.

HAMILTON HOUSE blazed with lights. Quaint stained-glass lanterns shone in the garden. The long French windows in the new wing, leading from what would have been called in almost any other section of the country the ballroom but was in Willett's Bridge discreetly alluded to as the "reception room," were open, flooding the garden court with light that reached the water in the pool and shone reflected in it.

"The Willett's Bridge Jazz Four," a black quartette of nimble-fingered performers, were placed in the corner of the hall and the dancers swung across the tiled hall, through the "reception room," and over its smooth floor out through the open windows to the wide tiled terrace, which had been waxed for their feet.

Juliet Jackson had demanded the dance as a "business necessity" and, in a rusty red gown, danced untiringly. An odd band of semi-precious stones held her barbarous hair in some semblance of order.

It was long since Juliet Jackson had been part of such a gathering, and she sighed to think how far afield she had gone, and how meaningless and tame it all seemed to her now.

Glancing across at her, Eve, who had yielded to Juliet's demand reluctantly, turned to Andrew Dickerson and said:

"Isn't Juliet a wonder! When I think of all she's lived through, I feel like a poor, puny—fish when I rebel at my own lot."

"Do you do that?"

"Rebel? Oh, frequently. I may seem to you and to others—a favored and pampered person, but we all have our moments of rebellion, haven't we, when any lot seems preferable to our own?"

Andrew Dickerson gave her a long look. He had come unwillingly. He opened his case tomorrow with this woman as witness, and he was hardly in a carefree party mood. "I suppose—oh, I know that's true of most. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

somehow I thought you—were different."

"And content? Would you have me that smug and terrible person, a contented woman?"

"Aren't you making a mistake?" Andrew asked, gently. "A contented woman is not a satisfied woman. I can conceive of a satisfied man or woman being smug, but content! Oh, that's a quite different thing. I—could be content—if——"

Eve laughed.

Andrew Dickerson turned and regarded her. "Oh, but I could . . ."

"If," mocked Eve.

He laughed in his turn. "I didn't say I was; I said I could be——"

"If," the girl mocked again. "Go down the length of this table and you will find they could all be content—*if*."

"Could you?"

"If I had all I wanted—yes."

"Again that's satisfaction—not content."

"Oh, you mean the 'poor-and-content-is-rich-and-rich-enough' kind?"

"Yes," Andrew said, unconsciously lowering his voice, "and that, Miss Hamilton, is something few in this crowd can understand. I can, because I've been poor, and know that poverty is not the worst that can happen, and I have also deliberately and with malice aforethought turned my back on riches—such as I could have. I won't"—his voice rose a little—"I won't sell my soul and my brain and my nerves and my powers of enjoyment to mass up dollars, to take any case because I can make a big fee, to toil like a miser, and reap a miser's reward. I mean truly to be my own man, though I have to be content with thousands, not millions, in this day when every man and woman you meet has millionaire tastes and a millionaire appetite."

"AH," Eve said, looking at him scrutinizingly. "The safe and sane sort of man. .Is that you?"

"No," Andrew answered her, and she saw how young he was in spite of his prematurely streaked hair. "The true adventurer, who dares risk his whole career for the thing that appeals to him and does not count up every good thing in life—including women—in dollars."

"Ah," Eve said again. "I have it. You're the lawyer who left New York to come to Hillsborough, aren't you? I remember now hearing something of you from someone—was it Gilbert—or Doctor Charlie?"

"Flattered, I'm sure," Andrew told her, evenly. "I don't think New York particularly misses me, and as yet Hillsborough hasn't spent itself in making me wel-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

come. I am the lawyer, however, who, with a good and growing criminal practice, found himself becoming a legal machine for grinding out cases and taking in big fees, and decided that it wasn't good enough. Life is short at best, but it's too long to be spent in that way.

"YOU see—this lawyer knew that if he kept on pushing ahead he'd make a great fortune by the time he was fifty, and a name among the judges and lawyers and criminals. He might, if he had one or two big cases, even make a splash in the big puddle called New York. But think what he would lose, and what the people who entrusted him with their lives and their fortunes to defend would lose. He would have time to give them neither sympathy nor study; he would have to rest by rushing off to expensive week-ends at country houses and clubs to snatch a little golf and fresh air. It wasn't good enough.

"He felt that he wanted to be able to swing over a few miles of ground and roadway that were not crowded with expensive motor cars. He wanted to be able to wear really old clothes and loaf a bit, not always take his pleasures regularly and in the latest sports clothes; nor did he find the society of the over-fed and over-amused wealthy all that he wanted. He meant to select his friends like his books, not take those that were nearest or in the same club or profession.

"So he looked at his bank book, and thought of the woman he had been saving up for, realized that she had a great fortune, and by the time he equaled it she would probably have been married for years and bringing up somebody else's family. He thought then that—if she was all he dreamed—she would care more about sharing his life than his money, and might not care about either. So he took a big risk, and arranged his life to suit himself, and——"

"The woman?" Eve asked quickly.

"The woman is still a problem—unsolved."

"What does she think of it all?"

"I don't know. I haven't asked her—yet."

"Mrs. Yarlie, she knew," Hilda persisted. "She ban afraid to take that bromide."

Andrew paused, looked at the girl, and laughed softly.

"You should not have told me, if you didn't want me to be interested," Eve informed him. "How much does *she* know?"

"No more than you do," Andrew told her, and as the band began to play a fox trot and the couples left the table, dancing from the dining room, across the tiled hall, through the reception room to the terrace, he rose and turned to her:

"Dance this with me—please."

But Eve, still wondering about the woman and the man, shook her head lightly. "Can't. Sorry, but I promised it to Jim Gardiner."

Juliet Jackson danced through a window to the moonlit terrace with big Bill Davis.

"Bill," she asked, "is this crowd the kind that will try anything once?"

"You bet you," Bill said easily; "they'll try anything *you* ask. Anything you say goes tonight. They sure know you're a wonder."

Juliet laughed. "Well, I want to do a little sleuthing, Bill, with your aid, and if you don't mind risking your reputation—why, I'll throw in mine. I'm going to propose that we dance a Paul Jones."

Bill exploded with laughter. "That old——"

"Wait. I know it's old-fashioned and all that, but I mean to make you the leader, with me, and we'll make them follow us all through the garden, down every path—out to the pool and back."

Bill smiled. "I see. They'll take to that, and then——"

"We'll lose them, coming back. I'll show you where, and take your machine and go up the road a bit. Where's your car?"

"In front."

"Can you get some unattached man whom you can trust, and who doesn't know Mrs. Fairlie very well, to be on the driver's seat and pretend to be half seas over, when I want him to?"

"Let's see. I've got it. I say, can't I do it? It would be better."

"NO; I want a stranger. Don't waste time, but get a man who can hold his tongue and let his imagination work overtime."

"If I can get Rintoul, before he gets tanked, he will be ideal. Great chap. Wonderful brain. Too large and constant a thirst. He has one advantage, however. Drink makes him clamlike, and when he's sober he's forgotten everything, or says he has."

"The poor fool!"

"Oh, no, don't take him that way. He's the tall, good-looking chap you said looked like a tired Greek god." And Bill laughed again.

Juliet looked at him, and, looking, her face gradually relaxed. She couldn't tell this big man with the schoolboy laugh that the tired Greek god had reminded her of the late Esmond Jackson, whose wife she had been. Never any use cluttering up parties with reminiscences or moral reflections.

"All right; get him as sober as you can. Don't let him have a bottle in the car while he's waiting."

There came an instant's silence. Then Bill jerked his head in the direction of the dancers.

"Tell me," he asked, "what's it all for—right in the midst of the trial?"

Juliet looked up quickly. When she spoke, her voice was earnest.

"The dance didn't just happen, Bill. It's part of a definite plan. You'll get what the scheme is all about as it develops. The next step includes one tired Greek god and one motor car with the Greek god in it."

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TEST NUMBER ONE
(Allow One Minute)

Look at each sentence. Think what it would be if the words were put in the right order. If the sentence is correct, draw a line under the word *True*. If false, draw a line under the word *False*.

1. Water cork on float will not..... *True* *False*
2. Bushes trees roots have and their air in the..... *True* *False*
3. Not bees lazy are called..... *True* *False*
4. Horses automobile an are slower than..... *True* *False*
5. Two are than hands one better..... *True* *False*

TEST NUMBER TWO
(Allow One Minute)

Write the correct answers to these problems:

1. A dealer bought some mules for $800. He sold them for $1,000, making $40 on each mule. How many mules were there? Answer.....

2. A rectangular bin holds 400 cubic feet of lime. If the bin is 10 feet long and 5 feet wide, how deep is it? Answer.....

TEST NUMBER THREE
(Allow One Minute)

In each of the sentences below you have a choice among four words. Draw a line under the one of these four words which makes the correct sentence.

1. Buenos Aires is a city in Spain, Argentina, Brazil, Portugal.
2. The inventor of the telegraph was Ampere, Edison, Morse, Farraday.
3. The Pyrenees Mountains are in Egypt, America, Spain, Portugal.

TEST NUMBER FOUR
(Allow One Minute)

In each of the lines below the first two words have a certain relation. Notice that relation, and then draw a line under the *one* word in the parenthesis which has that particular relation to the third word.

Illustration: Sky—blue; grass—(grow, *green*, cut, dead).

1. Cradle—baby; stable—(horse, man, dog, cat).
2. Ear—hear; eye—(hair, blue, see, eyebrow).
3. Dress—woman; feather—(bird, neck, feet, bill).
4. Shoe—foot; hat—(coat, nose, head, collar).
5. Hour—minute; minute—(man, week, second, short).

Now look for the answers and grading instructions on page 52.

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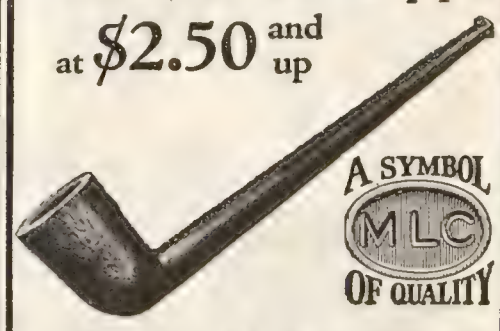
DE LUXE
America's finest briar pipe at $2.50 and up



Patented re-enforced mouthpiece. *Sanitary. No metal touches the tongue.*

NUVO Special 50c up
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NUVO Prima $3.50 up
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There's a NUVO at a price to fit every purse, from 50c and up. Each with the famous Linkman "built-in" aluminum stem re-enforcement.

Ask your pipe dealer about
HELL MARIA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Pathfinders in Pipedom
CHICAGO

It won't break if it's a NUVO

His Salary Now Four Times as Big!

Reason—Higher Accountancy

"At the time of my enrollment for LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy," writes E. B. Risberg, "I was working in the blacksmith shop of the La Cross Well Drill Works—ten hours a day and six days a week. Since that time—and in a period of about four years—I have advanced from an initial position as stock clerk with the Milwaukee branch of a big packing company to my present excellent position with the largest elevator manufacturer in America. Today my salary is more than 400% greater than at the time of my enrollment."

Are you—like Risberg—following a well-organized plan to double—triple—quadruple your salary? Or are you relying for advancement upon day-to-day experience? LaSalle has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. If a successful career is worth a 2c stamp and two minutes of your time, check the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place the coupon in the mail TODAY.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
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I would welcome information about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Business Management
☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Business English
☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

Liberty Will Pay

$1,000 A WEEK

For Titles to Liberty Covers

ATTENTION! Take a look at the patriotic cover on this issue. There's probably a big parade on because it's Fourth of July and these uniformed heroes appear to have something to do with it. What is your suggestion for a title to this picture? Read the rules, then jot down your idea on the coupon and mail it in—you may win one of the eight big prizes!

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25.00 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of July 11. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Open to Everybody! You Don't Have to Be a Subscriber to Liberty to Win!

$1,000 More Next Week!

The judges are selecting the winning titles for the June 6th cover. They will be announced in next week's LIBERTY. Look for your name!

Pictured above is next week's cover. Start selecting a title for it now to send in next week. The coupon below is for THIS WEEK'S cover.

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 5
Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of July 4th is:.....

.....
WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

[On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like (or do not like) this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.]

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

$1.00 a Word for 100 Words!

An Added Attraction to Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest

WHAT kind of stories do you like to read? Love? Adventure? Sea? Mystery? Note the sixteen kinds specified in the coupon. While the judges in Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest are searching through the thousands of manuscripts and synopses to find the one that will make the best original story and motion picture, Liberty will pay $100 a week for the best letter of not more than one hundred words describing what sort of story you like (or do not like) in a magazine or a movie. You may write with pen and ink, pencil, or typewriter. All letters will receive equal consideration. The contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY

BALLOT No. 4

NOTE: Tear out this ballot, place a cross opposite the type of story you do (or do not) like, and tell why you do (or do not) like it, in not more than one hundred words, on a separate sheet of paper. Send to

"BALLOTS," CARE OF LIBERTY, POST-OFFICE BOX 1123, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

$100.00 WILL BE PAID EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST ANSWER

- ☐ *Stories of Young Love*
- ☐ *Mystery Stories*
- ☐ *Adventure Stories*
- ☐ *Sea Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Small-Town Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Tropics*
- ☐ *Stories of the North Woods*
- ☐ *Stories of the Orient*
- ☐ *Detective Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the Early West*
- ☐ *War Stories*
- ☐ *Historical Stories*
- ☐ *Humorous Stories*
- ☐ *Business Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Married Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Sports*

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

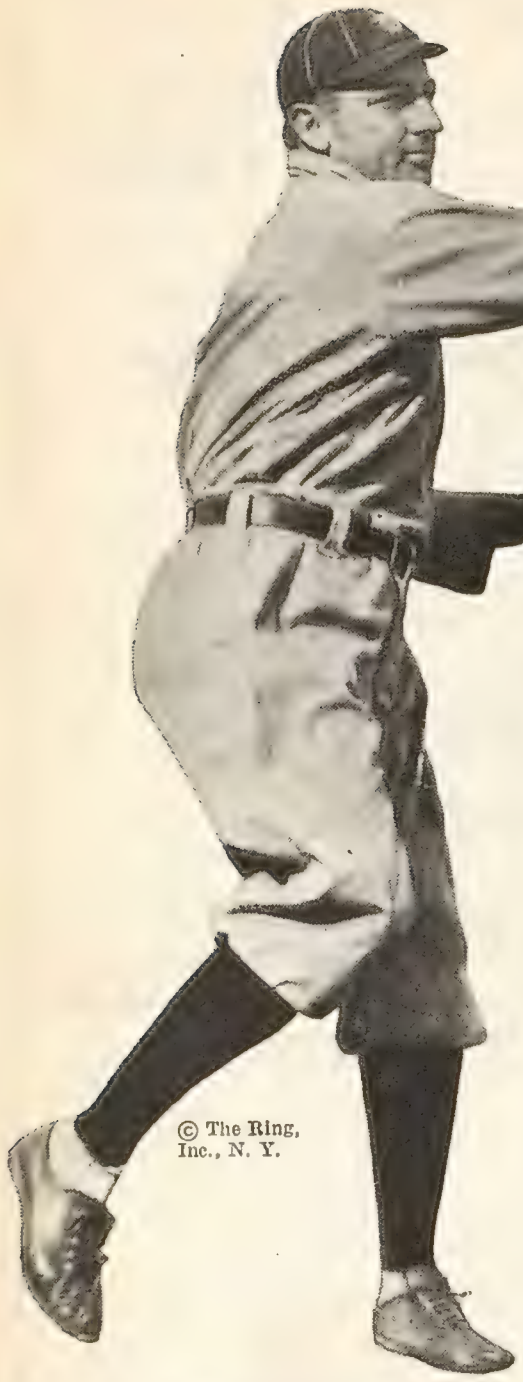
(Issue of July 4)

Be Sure to Read This Notice

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the contests as you want to. We hope you will enter all of them. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, July 11.

You can use the ballot at the left, or, in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

Another $100 Next Week!



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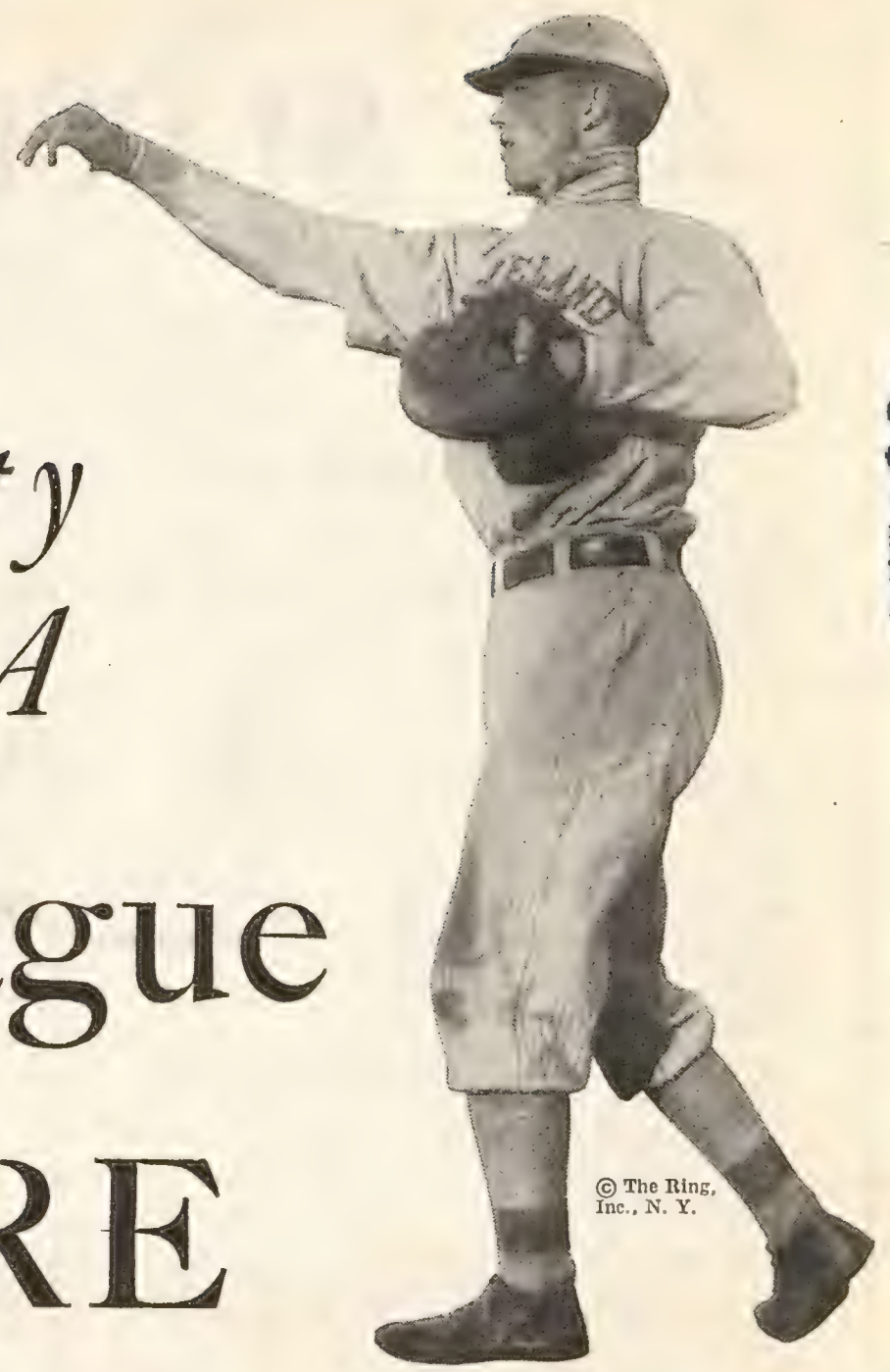
Donovan, Detroit's pitching ace in the World Series with Pittsburgh, which gave Billy Evans the toughest decision of his career.

Twenty Years A Big League UMPIRE

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball



© The Ring, Inc., N. Y.

George Stovall, who, slugged by a fan in mistake for Billy Evans, turned his assailant over to Billy; and Billy knocked him cold.

By

BILLY EVANS

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League

AS told in the opening installment of his reminiscences, Billy Evans owes his career to an angry mob, which literally chased him into the big leagues. After attending Cornell University he worked as a baseball reporter in Youngstown, Ohio, and was drafted as umpire one day when the regular arbiter failed to appear. This led to steady employment, and all went well until a mob in Niles, Ohio, angered by a close decision, chased him from the park and from town. His conduct on this occasion won the attention of Ban Johnson, president of the American League; and, after watching him for a time, Johnson offered him a contract.

Evans accepted and started work in 1906. While his first year naturally was tough, his second was worse, since his skull was fractured by a pop bottle thrown at him in St. Louis. He recovered by the end of the season, however, and came back, liking the work better than ever.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLING FOR LIFE WITH A MOB

NOT until my fourth year in the American League did I receive proof that I had made good and established myself as a big league umpire. That was when President Johnson picked me as one of his choices to umpire the World Series, which that year was played between Detroit and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Recognition at last! I was treading on air. I went into that series resolved to prove Mr. Johnson's judgment was not misplaced in entrusting the World Series assignment to me—and ran into such a snag in my very first game that for the time being it looked as if my big league career was about ruined.

In those days there were only four umpires assigned to a World Series, two from the American League and two from the National. One from each league worked one day, while the other two rested. The following day it was turn about. My partner was Bill Klem, who also was umpiring his first World Series. Two youngsters, both trying to do this big job of theirs in a big way.

Our first turn came on the second day of the series. The game was played at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, and our emotions as we strolled onto the playing field must have been akin to those of the players. For this was to be as much a test for us as for the players themselves. I'm sure that quite a few members of both teams, men such as Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, Bill Donovan, and Fred Clarke, were even less affected by the situation than Klem and I were.

On account of the great crowd it was necessary to have ground rules. Temporary stands had been erected in front of the permanent ones along the right-field line. They extended over to the permanent stands that stretched across the outfield and joined them at a sharp angle just at the foul line. The ground rules provided that a ball hit fair into the permanent seats was a home run and a ball hit fair into the temporary stands was good only for a two-base hit.

I think it was in Pittsburgh's half of the first inning that the decision in question came up. With a man on third base "Dots" Miller, Pittsburgh second baseman, hit a terrific drive to right field. I was behind the plate, Bill Klem working the bases. The decision, therefore, was up to me. It was apparent, once the ball was hit, that my work was cut out for me, so I watched its course quite carefully. And the pesky thing, after hitting the ground very close to the foul line but in fair territory, bounced high into the air and disappeared into the stands, where it was caught and pocketed by a rooter. Which stand it went into I didn't know.

Here was a dilemma! "What are you going to call it, a two-bagger or a home run?" I thought.

Fred Clarke, Pittsburgh manager, came up. "What is it? You're not going to make it a two-base hit, are you?"

And Hughie Jennings and a group of his Tigers came to me, protesting vehemently that it was not a home run.

"Get away, all of you," I shouted, "until I talk it over with Klem."

Klem had joined me and I appealed to him.

"You're umpiring this game, too," I told him. "What was it, a home run or a two-bagger?"

"Good night, Bill, I'd like to help out, but I can't. I couldn't tell. I'll just have to pass the buck to you."

"Well, I must say that for a pair of big

league umpires we certainly look the part of a couple of goofs. Getting our chance to work in a World Series, eh? And kicking that chance all around the lot."

Klem commiserated with me. "I feel like a great big boob myself, Bill. But that's not getting anywhere. What are we going to call it?"

All the time the fans were setting up such a hullabaloo as could be heard for miles.

"What was it? Come on, call it!"

Even the Pittsburgh players—some of them, at least—were willing that I should declare it a two-bagger. They wanted the game to go on. But I was stubborn. If I called it a home run just on a blind guess it might work an injustice to Detroit, and if I called it a two-base hit, I might be giving Pittsburgh a bad break.

I had dwelt on those two necessary qualities of umpiring—giving your decisions as you see them and giving them quickly. Here was one I could neither give quickly nor as I had seen it—for I hadn't seen it. I felt that I was a disgrace to myself and to baseball. Finally, for no particular reason except to think, I started walking out toward right field, the two managers, Hughie Jennings and Fred Clarke, following me. The stands literally were rocking with demands for a decision. I thought:

"Well, what a swell umpire you turned out to be. Where in the devil did that ball go? If you don't say something in about a minute, you're through."

As I neared the extreme limits of right field I could see I was approaching that section in the temporary stands that was occupied by the Pittsburgh Loyal Rooters' Club. As I approached they started shouting to me, and almost the first words I distinguished were the very inspiration I had been waiting for!

"Hey, you're not going to call that a foul, are you? Are you blind?"

Of course I wasn't even thinking of calling it a foul. I had seen it strike fair. But I didn't let on what was in my mind.

"I don't know," I answered. "I'll have to rely on you for a little help. Was it fair or foul?"

"Fair!" they yelled as one man.

"All right, then, where did it land?"

"The ball landed right here." A burly rooter had stood up and was brandishing the ball. "I caught it and here it is. Just try and get it."

I RECOGNIZED him as a leader of the Loyal Rooters.

"That makes it look like a two-bagger, Fred," I said to Clarke. "One of your own rooters offers the proof." He agreed, and I lost no time getting back and making my decision.

Had I been left alone to decide, it might be that I would have called it a home run, in which event the whole outcome of the game might have been changed. Detroit won that day and evened up the series. Pittsburgh eventually won the world's title in the seventh and last game, the pitching of Babe Adams being the deciding factor.

That, I think, was the toughest decision of my career. Certainly none ever came in a tougher spot.

Altogether I have worked in six World Series. My next after 1909 was the famous series of 1912 between the New York Giants and the Boston Red Sox and marked by a muff of a fly by Snodgrass, New York outfielder, that cost the Giants the series. I umpired the series of 1915 between the Boston Red Sox and Philadelphia Nationals; the 1917 games between the Chicago White Sox and the Giants; the famous "scandal series" of 1919, between Cincinnati and the White Sox, and the 1923 meeting of the New York Yankees and Giants.

In passing, I might say that if ever a man was fooled in the 1919 series it was I. Of course, I thought Chicago the better club. But never for a moment, during all those games, did I entertain the slightest suspicion that any of the White Sox players had been "fixed."

The effect of that scandal was hard to counteract. But today, I believe, baseball is again firmly established in public confidence.

In writing these reminiscenses it would be obviously impossible to dwell in detail on each of my years in the American League, but this series would be incomplete without an account of Cleveland's first Sunday baseball game. That game ended in the worst riot in which I ever figured. Alongside it the riot at Niles, Ohio, by which I was literally chased into the big leagues, was a quiet Sunday school picnic.

Agitation for Sunday baseball in Cleveland

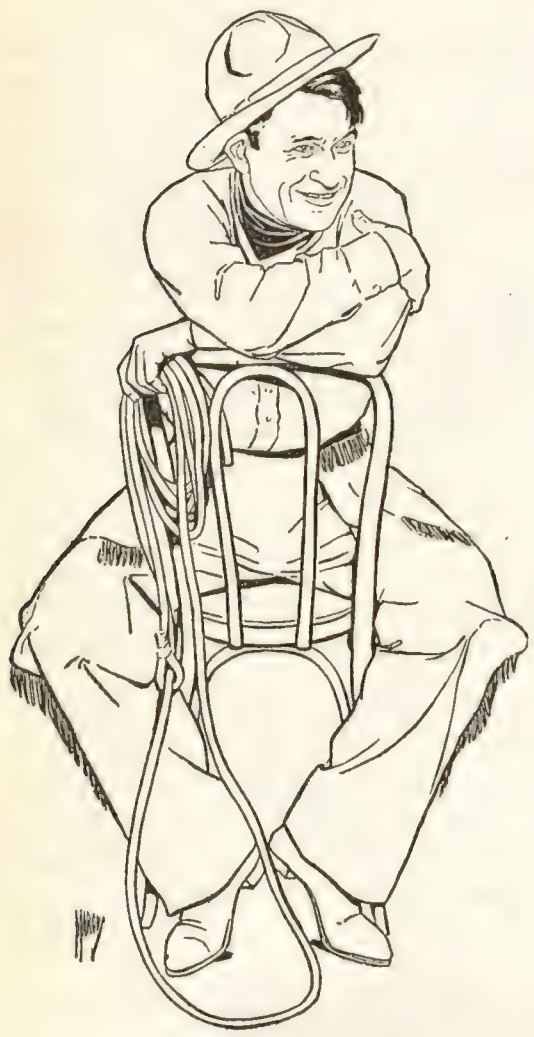
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Laying down the law before one of the World Series games between Detroit and Pittsburgh. In conference, left to right, are: Umpire Johnstone; Hugh Jennings, Tiger manager; Umpire O'Loughlin; Umpire Klem; Fred Clarke, manager of the Pirates; and Umpire Billy Evans.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS



Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

America is Safe with "Bull" Durham

A gang of Scientists left on a Boat for a year's cruise to study queer kind of Fish in the South Atlantic Ocean. They should have stayed here in New York and went to see and hear what I did the other day, a real Red Bolsheviki meeting. They would have seen queer looking Fish there, Suckers, Eels, Flounders, Bullheads, and every Guy that got up was a big mouth Bass. They denounced everything in America, The Weather, The Constitution, White Gloves for Pall Bearers, Mah Jongg, Lower Taxes, Suspenders, Cross Word Puzzles, Shower Baths, League of Nations and Ice Cream Pies. After looking them all over I found what was the matter with them. There wasnt a one of them knew enough to roll his own. How are you going to improve on a Government if you dont know that much. Every man you see pouring "Bull" Durham into his paper, you can bet he is satisfied with America, because its the old right down to earth Americans that do it.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

had been going on for quite a while. And when permission finally was given the ball park was packed with one of the biggest crowds in that city's history. Moreover, people saw baseball that day who had never seen it before in their lives.

Cleveland was in the midst of its Eastern swing, but in order to make this Sunday game, it jumped home from Washington. Philadelphia likewise made the jump to Cleveland. A number of Cleveland players were on the suspended list, George Stovall, first baseman and manager, having been among them. Stovall, in fact, had turned over the managerial reins temporarily to Joe Birmingham, famous outfielder of his day and still renowned as possessor of perhaps the greatest throwing arm of any outfielder in baseball's history.

IN making the jump, Cleveland had brought just about fourteen players back for the Sunday game. I had been given the assignment of umpiring this game alone. And if ever a fellow needed help, that day I did.

All through that game one close decision followed another. Three times, with men on bases, Cleveland players hit sizzlers down the third-base line that just barely went foul as they left the infield. Three times I had to call a foul ball and wave all runners back to their bases. Altogether six runs crossed the plate on those three plays, only to be disallowed. Those are just samples of the kind of plays I had to deal with that day.

The fans were crazy mad. Just imagine tens of thousands of them packed into their first Sunday game and seeing their team turned back time after time on decisions of mine. They yelled for my life. They threatened, they howled, they even rose from their seats and ran to the gates leading from the stands to the playing field. There they strained against the exits, trying to get in and at me.

I endured that day perhaps the worst insults that have ever been heaped upon me. To make matters worse, Philadelphia was leading, but not by such a large margin that the runs I had disallowed would not have turned the tide of victory the other way had I called those balls fair. Another thing I remember distinctly is the Cleveland Rooters' Club. That bunch was particularly keen for my scalp, it seemed.

My predicament was made all the harder due to the fact that Joe Birmingham, in his efforts to win, had made any number of substitutions and had almost exhausted his supply of fourteen players. In the ninth inning it so happened that, with Cleveland men on base and two out, Hank Butcher, a substitute outfielder, came to bat in the pinch. Here was the climax of the ball game.

The roar from the stands was deafening, and equally divided between demands for a hit and threats against that "burglar behind the plate." Out of the corner of my eye I could see the fans massed against the gates. They were trying to get onto the field.

The gates were bulging with their weight!

And then the blow-off. The Philadelphia pitcher wound up and threw a curve ball that cut the corner just around Butcher's knees. Butcher didn't offer at it.

"Strike one!"

Butcher turned around and glared at me. Then he held his bat level with the ground, just below his knees, indicating to the crowd that the ball was too low.

I could see those gates bend outward about a foot. A roar of rage volleyed from the crowd.

"I suppose," I snarled at Butcher, "you think that was a smart stunt, huh? Well, I just want to tell you you don't have to feed that crowd any raw meat. You stand up there and bat and never mind the sideshow."

"It was a rotten strike."

"Rotten! It cut the plate in half, knee high. Where are your eyes?"

The Athletics' pitcher again let one go. This one was a perfect strike. Absolutely perfect! And Butcher let it go by. And again he went through his maddening pantomime.

"Strike two!" And I was so enraged at Butcher that I was ready to eat him up.

"Just for that," I told him, "you're through. Go on, beat it, get out of the game."

"Whadda you mean, through?"

"Just what I said. You heard me. You're done. Run along and take your shower."

I WAS ready to fight Butcher then and there. He should have had better sense, I reasoned, than to try to make a fool out of me in front of that crowd that was ready to tear me apart and eat the pieces. Judging from his actions, the fans couldn't but believe that I was deliberately calling them against the Cleveland team to finish the game and make my getaway.

At this point Joe Birmingham, who had been coaching at first base, came running up.

"You're not putting Butcher out, Bill?"

"Yes, he's out. Why not?"

Now, Joe also had gone to Cornell University. Besides this bond, we were quite firm friends, anyway. He realized my plight and, fearing for my safety, tried to prevail upon me to leave Butcher in the game. And there was another reason, too.

"Do you realize, Bill," he asked, "what it means to me to have you throw Butcher out? Do you know who I'll have to put up to bat in

his place? All I've got left is Cy Falkenberg."

Now, Cy Falkenberg, whom most fans remember as a human string bean of a pitcher, was about the world's worst batter. The idea of putting him in as a pinch hitter was about as absurd as calling on the bat boy. At any other time it would have been a great laugh for me. Now it was far from funny.

"Do you know what that crowd will think?" Birmingham went on. "They'll think that I am resigned to the fact that you're trying to beat us out of this game. And they'll think that I am trying to make a farce out of it."

"I don't care, Joe." I was seeing red. "I don't care a hang what they think. Butcher's through, even if there's not another Cleveland player within a hundred miles. Let Falkenberg come up to the plate and wave his bat."

And so old Cy Falkenberg came gangling up to the plate, and, to round out the climax, did just about what I would have expected him to do. The pitcher threw a wide one. It wasn't within two feet of the plate. And Falkenberg, stretching across the platter, stuck his bat out impotently and just waved at it. It was the feeblest gesture I think I have ever seen a batter make. Of course he was out and the ball game was over. Cleveland had lost and the riot was on!

© The Ring, Inc., N. Y.

The famous Babe Adams, who pitched Pittsburgh into a world's championship. Compared to Billy Evans' work in that series, it was an easy job.

OUT of the stands and into the playing field swarmed those howling, infuriated baseball fanatics. I remember, however, that the first man to reach me was a friend, a doctor.

"I sat behind the plate, Billy," he assured me, "and I saw those strikes you called on Butcher. You were absolutely right."

"Thanks," I answered, and he was lost in the swirling torrent of human beings.

And then before me stood a red-faced man of belligerent mien, with a big cigar stuck in his mouth.

© The Ring, Inc., N. Y.

Hans Wagner—the slugging old "Honus" of the Pittsburgh Pirates—was at the height of his powers when Evans umpired his hectic first World Series battle.

"You blankety blank," was his opening sentence. "You threw that game to the Athletics. Who ever called you an umpire?"

"And who ever told you you could tell me what kind of an umpire I am? Who are you, anyway?"

"Me?" he drew himself up proudly. "I'm the president of the Cleveland Rooters' Club."

"Oh, you are, eh? And being the president of the Cleveland Rooters' Club gives you the right to tell me how to umpire. Is that right?"

"I don't need any right to tell you what I think of you," and with that his right hand went back toward his pocket.

They told me afterward that what he was trying to do was get a match out of his pocket to light his cigar. At least, that was his version. But I hadn't any time to figure that out. When his hand went back I thought it meant trouble. I swung with all my strength, right on the point of his jaw.

Down he went, down flat on his back. My mask was in my left hand. "That mask," I thought, "belongs on my face." And on my face it went. Lucky for me I had it there, too, for if one person swung at me that afternoon there must have been a hundred. I had to fight my way through, every inch, in order to gain the dugout and the steps leading to the dressing room. There were a thousand different fights on that ball field. The players of both teams came to my aid and fought valiantly to save me. Cleveland, I might add, was and still is my home town, and I had my friends there as well as my enemies, my protectors as well as my assailants.

I jostled my way through the crowd, swinging at everyone who offered the least bit of resistance to my progress and being swung at in turn, and everyone who tried for my face got his knuckles severely cut for his pains. At last I fought clear to the edge of the steps, and just as I started down them a well-placed kick, landing on the base of my spine, lifted me clear of the ground and deposited me at the bottom, where I was caught by a number of the Cleveland players.

A riot call had been put in and mounted police, freely swinging their batons at luckless heads, were striving to restore the crowd to order and sanity.

But I was not through it yet. Beneath the stands in the Cleveland park it is necessary to go through a tunnel to the players' dressing rooms in order to get to those used by the umpires. Big George Stovall, a rough and ready sort of person and as handy a man with his fists as baseball ever saw, I suppose, was down below, waiting for his players to get dressed. He, of course, was not in uniform, being on the suspended list.

It was dark beneath the stands. The police had barred the gates to keep out the fans, but I suppose this particular person who was lying in wait for me down there had sneaked past somehow. At any rate, after George Stovall and I had been talking for a minute or two, George started out of the door just ahead of me. Immediately there was a rush of feet and the smack of a fist.

SOMEONE had mistaken Stovall for me! And George, thoroughly enraged, had settled down earnestly to the business of fighting, and soon had his opponent's head beneath his arm. With this advantage he began pommeling the fellow thoroughly.

And then the stranger saw his mistake.

"Gee, George," he exclaimed, "I wasn't looking for you. I was laying for Evans."

"Oh, you were, eh? Want him, Bill?"

Now, I can assure you I didn't "want" anybody. I had had enough fighting for that day, and the reaction had set in and left me weak as a kitten. But in my hand I again held my mask. I thought, "Oh, well, if he really wants it, I'll let him have it," and I adjusted the mask in my hand so I could strike a blow with its soft, padded end.

Stovall didn't let his opponent go; he literally threw him at me. And as he came I swung with my mask. Down he went, and up again in a flash. I could see him plainly now, and in him I beheld a man who could lick me the best day I ever lived. A giant of a man, standing about six feet three. Perhaps the beating he had received at the hands of George Stovall had left him a little dazed. At any rate, when he sprang to his feet again I was quicker than he and again I swung with my mask, still hitting him with the pad. Down he went once more, and once more he sprang to his feet as if rebounding on springs.

"This time," I said inwardly, "will have to be the last. If I can't send him down for keeps now, I'm through."

So I turned the mask in my hands, turned it so the heavy metal end was out. And then I swung once more, swung with the last despairing ounce of strength I had left in me. I caught him alongside his head, and down he went for the third time. And that time he stayed down!

More than one Clevelander still retains an undying memory of that day's mad scenes. As a participant, I couldn't envision the full panoramic effect of the riot with its hundreds of different clashes and the police ruthlessly riding down upon the mob to disperse it.

I learned that the man I hit with the mask made the vow on his hospital bed that he would be "looking" for me. And every time I walked up Euclid Avenue in Cleveland and saw an unusually tall person in a crowd I would edge a little over toward the curb. But I never saw my friend again.

Every ball fan has his own opinion about snappy plays. In next week's issue Mr. Evans will describe what, in his opinion, are the greatest plays he has seen in his long experience with the game and the men who made it.

Our Bravest Americans

And Their Epic Deeds in Distant and Savage Lands Which Won for Them the Nation's Highest Honor

IN previous articles Mr. Kinkead told the tale of heroic deeds which won the Congressional Medal of Honor, America's highest award for martial valor, in the World War and the Civil War. In this installment he tells the deeds of those who won place among the nation's immortals by their deeds in the Far West of pioneer days and in China, Cuba, and the Philippines.

By

PAUL L. KINKEAD

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

ALEXANDER, Horatius at the Bridge, the Six Hundred at Balaklava, the Three Musketeers, Private Mulvaney at Lungtungpen, Pan Michael against the Hordes, Wolfe at Quebec: take all the ancient heroes of history and fiction, combine them, and their deeds pale to insignificance when compared with the simple, almost brutally simple, stories told in the citations of the one thousand eight hundred and twelve American Immortals who have won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The stories are largely of heroism and great deeds of the World War, or carry the romance and gallantry of the Civil War; but many of these medals have been awarded for acts performed in far lands. There is something dramatic in tales of small groups of men, facing savage foes in strange, weird lands, carrying the white man's burden.

Kipling drew a brave and jolly picture of Mulvaney leading the naked troops across the river to capture Lungtungpen; but Johnny Moran, U. S. A., outdid Mulvaney in real life. It was at Mabitac, in Luzon, on September 17, 1900.

The American troops, pressing hard against the Filipinos, had reached the bank of a deep river, flowing through heavy growths. The Filipinos, concealed on the river bank, opened a heavy fire, and the attacking party was demoralized.

Moran refused to give ground. Rallying a small squad behind him, and stripped to the buff, with rifle held high, he plunged into the stream. In the face of the heavy firing, with the bullets splattering all around, he swam and waded across, followed by his little band, and rushed up the mud bank.

The spectacle of a wild Irishman, almost naked, who used his bayonet as an impaling iron, was too much for the enemy. The Filipinos broke, and Moran and his men chased them into the jungle. It wasn't the enemy, but the thorns, that finally stopped them.

Compare the case of Horatius and that of Otto Boehler, Company I, First North Dakota Infantry, who won his medal at San Isidro, Philippines, on May 16, 1899. A small force of Americans were engaged with the Filipinos, and more than six hundred of Aguinaldo's picked troops were stationed on the river bank, heavily intrenched and firing across.

A wooden bridge spanned the river, and, to prevent the Americans from crossing, the Filipinos had set fire to the structure. The flames had enveloped the bridge and the sides were blazing high when Boehler had an inspiration. He summoned his twenty-one men and explained that, in the smoke and fire, they would not be seen. Then, leading his men through a perfect tunnel of smoke and flame, with the timbers underfoot burning and the structure sagging, he started the charge.

A few minutes later the intrenched Filipinos were startled at an apparition. Boehler, his uniform smoldering, followed by a smoke-strangled and scorched contingent, burst from the heart of the fire and fell upon them. Before they realized it, Boehler and his men were in the trenches, raking them in both directions by rifle fire, and those twenty-two routed the entire force of six hundred, besides capturing all they could handle.

ONE hears frequently of "coolness under fire," but for sheer coolness Arthur Wilson, second lieutenant of the Sixth United States Cavalry, won his Medal of Honor. It happened on Patian Island in the Philippines on July 4, 1899. The Sixth was pursuing a strong force of Moros who had taken up a strong position on a high, wooded hill, at the crest of a steep cliff. The cavalry, dismounted, could not force the ascent of the cliff or use the mountain artillery against the Moros, who were gathering in greater and greater numbers as they saw the plight of the whites.

The necessity of getting a gun into action and using shells to scatter the savage band was pressing. Lieutenant Wilson decided upon a little Fourth of July celebration of his own. Looping a rope around his shoulders and dragging a mountain gun, he pressed forward into the dense forest at the foot of the cliff, selected a big tree, and climbed it, after attaching the end of the rope to the gun. He ascended the tree until among its highest branches, laboriously hoisting the light gun behind him, and was lashing it into position in a crotch of the tree when he was espied by the Moros. Arrows, spears, and occasional bullets cut through the leaves. Lieutenant Wilson had to descend, carry up ammunition and then, whistling, he settled into position and began hurling shells into the ranks of the savages on the hilltop until they broke and permitted the rest of the American command to ascend the cliff.

The title "Game Guy" should accompany these medals, for the records contain stories of almost unbelievable heroism of wounded men. I could not get exact data on all the one thousand eight hundred and twelve who have won the Medal of Honor, but the fact that a great percentage are posthumous awards, and the further fact that almost fifty per cent of all survivors were recorded as wounded, shows what happened.

A number of these awards for valor have been made for heroism in fights against the Indians. Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) received one, but the citation of the act is brief and gives few details beyond bravery in scouting work.

Surgeon John D. Skinner was given one for an act performed during the Modoc War of 1873. On January 17, 1873, an attack was being made upon a Modoc stronghold in the lava beds in Oregon, a tortured, upheaved section of land where the Indians, knowing every turn, and under shelter, had a great advantage. An attack was made and repulsed by the hidden foes, and after the troops had retired it was discovered two wounded soldiers had been left behind. "Doc" didn't wait. He calmly went out under the fire of the Indians and brought in both men.

To accomplish this feat he had to cover several hundred yards of open ground, lift the wounded and carry them, yet he made the two trips under fire without being hit; and, having saved their scalps, he proceeded to dress their wounds.

Wherever American fighting men have been under test they have shown the same spirit.

In China, during the Boxer uprising of 1902, when Americans fought with the allied forces in the subduing of the Boxers and the rescue of imperiled foreigners, several deeds won the Congressional Medal.

One of those honored performed a feat which counted heavily in turning the tide at Tientsin, and making complete the victory of the allies.

DURING the heaviest of the fighting the American troops, pressing hard upon a horde of Boxers outnumbering them ten to one, found themselves checked, with ammunition short and in need of reinforcements. Lieutenant Louis B. Lawton, Thirty-sixth United States Infantry, volunteered to carry a message and bring reinforcements. Without disguise he made his way back to the base, delivered the message, and, although wounded three times, led reinforcements and reached the field in time to add impetus to the attack which completed the rout of the enemy.

Among the musicians who have won the

RALLYING a small squad behind, he plunged into the stream. With bullets splattering all around, he swam across, followed by his little band.

Medal of Honor was Calvin P. Titus, Musician, Company E, Fourteenth Infantry, and he won a great honor at Pekin, March 11, 1902, during the Boxer Rebellion.

When his command was ordered forward in the attack upon the walled city, Musician Titus discarded his instrument for a gun and led the attack. Outracing all the fighting men, the battling musician reached the wall first, scaled it in the face of the steady fire and achieved the honor of being the first foreign soldier to get inside the Sacred City.

The Spanish-American War yielded only about a dozen Medals of Honor for the soldiers engaged, and those were given chiefly to men who voluntarily went out and rescued wounded under heavy fire. Company C, Seventeenth United States Infantry, received the most for their gallant work at El Caney, where, under heavy fire, they rescued wounded on that exposed hillside. Second Lieutenant Charles D. Roberts, Privates Oscar Brookin, George Burg, Ulysses Grant Buzzard, Bruno Wende, Tom Graves, and Ben Hardaway, and Musician Herman Pfisterer, all of Company C, Seventeenth Infantry, were awarded medals for their valor.

ONE of the outstanding acts of the Spanish-American War was that of Private George H. Wanton, Troop M, Tenth United States Cavalry. The troop was aboard ship and fighting was in progress on shore. Five wounded men had been left on shore after the troops had embarked, and two efforts to rescue them had failed when Wanton dived overboard and swam ashore. He reached the wounded men, screened them against capture by the hidden foes who were firing upon him, and eventually brought them all off to the waiting ship, escaping unhurt from the adventure.

John DeSwan, Corporal Warren Shepherd, and Private George H. Nee of the Seventh were decorated for rescuing wounded under fire at Santiago; and James Nash and Alfred Poland, both of the Tenth, received the Medal, as did Sergeant Alex Dunn of Company A, Thirteenth United States Infantry.

Heroes all—but there is one whose name never will appear in the rolls, who is honored above all others, because, upon the breast of him who is the Unknown Soldier in Arlington, rests the treasured bit of bronze, awarded in the name of all the heroic dead.

THE END

Making It Easy For The Casting Director

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Photos by Melbourne-Spur

YES, INDEED, the casting director for Metro-Goldwyn has a cinch. A leading lady for every part is his motto. For instance, wanted—a heroine for The Mystic. Who but dark haired, lissom Aileen Pringle (above) would fit into the role?

REX INGRAM, of course, Metro-Goldwyn's star director, has to look no farther than Mrs. Ingram for a leading lady, which helps. Alice Terry (above) in her blonde incarnation is starring in his production of Ibanez's Mare Nostrum.

STILL ANOTHER TYPE, and greatly in demand, is Norma Shearer (left), who only recently achieved leading roles in the Metro-Goldwyn stock company. Her next appearance on the screen will be in Hobart Henley's production, Nothing to Wear.

A Page of Movie Reviews

By ALVA TAYLOR

Richard Dix (at left above) as the hard-hitting hero in Paramount's picturization of *The Shock Punch*, the story of which appeared in Liberty. Frances Howard (in oval) plays the part of the heroine.

Ronald Colman and George Fawcett in a scene from *The Sporting Venus*.

Blanche Sweet in *The Sporting Venus*

Anna Q. Nilsson, as the discontented wife, and Ian Keith (circle), in *The Talker*.

THE SHOCK PUNCH

Directed by Paul Sloane — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Randall Lee Savage ..... *Richard Dix*
Dorothy Clark ..... *Frances Howard*
Dan Savage ..... *Theodore Babcock*
Jim Clark ..... *Percy Moore*
Terrence O'Rourke ..... *Gunboat Smith*

THE SHOCK PUNCH was made from the story of the same name, which appeared in Liberty recently, and so you more than likely are familiar with the plot. The movie shows some minor changes, but none which affect the dramatic value in any way. Richard Dix turns out to be, in this case, a comedian on the Harold Lloyd order. He does breath-snatching, dizzy stunts thirty stories up in the air, on narrow steel girders. Prepare to lose your breath soon after the picture is under way, and not to get it back until it's all over.

It's the type of story which pulsates with romance in a commercial setting.

Randall Lee Savage was a society man who was a good boxer. He learned to swing a powerful shock punch which proved useful to him after he gave up fighting because a certain young woman didn't like men who fought.

Ranny got a job in the building this young woman's father was constructing, just because she went to the building every day. Ranny had never had any close acquaintance with a steel girder, but he would have tried anything once for Dorothy. Unfortunately the foreman had, the night before, been the recipient of one of Ranny's famous punches, and was waiting for a good chance to get even. This put Ranny in some embarrassing situations.

THE SPORTING VENUS

Directed by M. Neilan — Metro-Goldwyn

THE CAST:

Lady Gwendolyn ..... *Blanche Sweet*
Donald McAllen ..... *Ronald Colman*
Prince Carlos ..... *Lew Cody*
Countess Van Alystyne *Josephine Crowell*
Donald's father ..... *George Fawcett*
Sir Alfred Grayle ..... *Edward Martindel*

LADY GWENDOLYN was a Scotch lassie of high degree. She lived in an old Scotch castle that had been in the family for generations. Her father spent his time following the sporting world in England, Scotland, France, and Spain.

Lady Gwendolyn was a chip off the old block. She went into sporting life strong, especially with her father's money. She was positively reckless when her love affairs did not go as smoothly as she could wish.

Donald McAllen was only a commoner, but he loved Lady Gwendolyn and she loved him. But, of course, there were all sorts of complications before they were happily married in a large Scottish kirk before the final fade-out. There was Prince Carlos, who needed a lot of ready cash to satisfy some creditors, who insisted that he marry an heiress. He almost married Lady Gwendolyn because of a misunderstanding between her and Donald. She was a real Sporting Venus the day of the boat races when she said she would marry the prince if the Red crew won. It did, but Lady Gwendolyn's lawyers found out in time that the prince wasn't all he seemed.

Lady Gwendolyn's father died, and Castle Grayle was sold. Who should be the new owner but a certain commoner who had made a fortune as a successful surgeon.

In spite of the fact that it wanders considerably in time and space, The Sporting Venus is excellent movie entertainment. Blanche Sweet is charming as Lady Gwendolyn.

NEXT WEEK: MY WIFE AND I, *a Warner Brothers picture;* BLACK CYCLONE, *a Hal Roach picture released by Pathe;* WELCOME HOME, *by Paramount.*

THE TALKER

Directed by A. E. Green — First National Picture

THE CAST:

Kate Lennox ..... *Anna Q. Nilsson*
Harry Lennox ..... *Lewis Stone*
Ruth Lennox ..... *Shirley Mason*
Ned Hollister ..... *Ian Keith*
Henry Fells ..... *Tully Marshall*
Barbara Farley ..... *Barbara Bedford*

KATE LENNOX was a great talker, but her bark was considerably worse than her bite. She would rave at great length to anyone who cared to listen, and once she wrote an article for a newspaper about the emancipation of woman from domesticity, woman's right to freedom, and all that. But when it came to a showdown, it turned out that Kate didn't mean what she said, and couldn't practice what she preached.

Meanwhile her young sister-in-law had taken these sentiments to heart and nearly wrecked her life, and Kate's along with it.

The picture gives an interesting study of life in the great open suburban spaces. Anna Q. Nilsson as the discontented wife is so attractive that you can't quite dislike the character as you ought to. Lewis Stone is the husband who comes home each evening to find dinner either not started or burned.

Shirley Mason contributes a good bit as the young sister. Barbara Bedford has a small part as the secretary who wants to understand Mr. Lennox better than his wife. You'll like this picture.

A Short Story Which Reminds You That Horses and Humans Are Much Alike

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

Those Fearful

"I CANNOT handle fillies," said Mr. Slim Foley, owner and trainer of the Lone Pine Stables. "What's more, I know that I can't, showing that I have arrived at some wisdom. Fillies are fearful—equine or human. Take Sam Hildreth. He has won every stake but the Fashion and the Coaching Club. Why? Because consistency gets you nothing in handling the fillies. Form means nothing with them."

Mr. Slim Foley was unusually bitter. The Coaching Club was the feature of the card at Belmont Park that day, and the lawns were gay with brilliant gowns and active with bobbed heads. As post call sounded for the Coaching Club, Mr. Slim Foley became morose and silent, withdrawing to the restaurant so that he would not even see the prancing fillies fluttering in review.

"They'll be at the post for at least half an hour," announced Mr. Foley. "Mars Cassidy will be boiling mad when he gets back from the barrier. Oh, those fearful fillies! They try the very soul of a man. Ah! yes, I'll admit they're beautiful. That's the devil of it, for perverseness is the twin sister of beauty."

It was clear that the day had been spoiled for Mr. Slim Foley, whereupon I suggested that we drive over to the Lone Pine Stable at Aqueduct. I suspected that Mr. Foley, in the seclusion of the kitchen attached to the stable, might put his grief into words and explain his aversion to the younger females of the species—both kinds.

He did, and what follows is apparently the lone tragic episode in the life of Mr. Slim Foley, owner and trainer. The secrets of the stable kitchen may be released after the horses have gone to the post, or this never could be told.

IT happened when I was training for Sam Breedon and was sure I knew everything. There is a period like that in the life of every man. It was a good job. Sam Breedon wanted his stock to win, more for the enjoyment of seeing his silks in front than for the financial part of it. He was a sportsman, all right. I'll admit that. I won for him and he left me alone as far as the stable was concerned.

He was one of those round-faced, middle-aged chaps, a little bald at the top, jovial, and a little dull. There always seemed to be something about him that reminded me of Billy, the lead pony, for Breedon was just about as staid, steady, and good natured. Nothing ruffled him at all. I am speaking of the boss, and the same would go for the lead pony. Losing the Derby by a nose wouldn't excite Sam Breedon, and a ton of TNT going off in the next stall would not make Billy, the lead pony, even blink.

But therein lies the deceitfulness of horses and men. You cannot tell all about either of them until you have seen them under all conditions, and always there are conditions arising which never can be foreseen.

I had nothing whatever against the sex when my boss bought those five fillies from Madden. I took them in good faith and started to train them. One was a golden chestnut beauty, and from her breeding I knew she ought to be able to run. Queen Mab was an angel for looks and a vixen for sudden fits of cantankerousness. The others were just fillies, full of temperament and disappointment.

Up to this time I had none in the Breedon Stable of what some writer who knew nothing called the "gentler sex." If there is anything gentle about that sex, whatever the species, you can win a good bet from me, and I always shop around all of the books before I put my money down.

Trouble started a few mornings after the fillies arrived. We were taking them out for the morning exercise with the whole outfit of stock. As usual, Billy, the old gray geld-

ALL of the colts and fillies were rearing and pawing all over the place. They acted like wild horses sniffing a prairie fire.

Fillies

By W. O. McGeehan

ing, was leading the procession. Billy was noted for his staid behavior and his steadying influence when there was a crowd of colts to school. He was a fat little old pony and lazier than any of the loafers around the stable.

Just as the parade was filing out to the track Billy reared and pretended to shy at his own bucket. Of course, all of the fillies began to back and rear, and the whole line was in a flurry. I bellowed at Mickey Hennessey, on the pony, to know what was the matter. Hennessey was so surprised at this unexpected maneuver that he almost lost his seat.

Immediately Billy tried to bolt, and all of the stock bolted after him. It was like a horse madhouse, and Goldsborough, in the next stables, poked his head out and started to mock me.

"Have you 'hopped' the lead pony, too, Slim?" he shouted.

I retorted with a look of silent contempt. I was scurrying around, trying to find what the trouble was. Hennessey expounded his theory.

"This sinful old reprobate of a lead is just cutting up to show off in front of those young fillies," he said. "There is no fool like an old fool."

I could see that Hennessey was right. Human nature and horse nature are very much alike. That is why the first rows at the Follies are always bald-headed.

"There is only one way to cure that foolishness," I said. "I'll have the old gray fool destroyed."

Every stable boy knew I was lying when I said it or they would have quit me in a body. And I was grinning when I said it. Billy was like a rheumatic old man trying to turn handsprings before a flapper to show that he was still young and spry. It was a foolish and yet a rather sad commentary on life in general, for—more's the pity—none of us are quite as young as we used to be. The flappers come and go, and we can be only foolish.

FROM that time on Billy was a changed pony. He used to try to run the whole stable. It really got a little serious when he tried to take a kick at Prince Henry, but he was a little too stiff-legged to land, and the Prince treated him with truly royal hauteur, pretending not to notice him. Queen Mab seemed to like to have Billy around. He seemed to amuse her, as a quaint old grandfather would amuse little Goldilocks.

I must admit that the arrival of the fillies put some life into the stables, and I never get tired of seeing new quirks that the horses will develop. If there was not a little entertainment in the game I would have been out of it a long time ago. And that is all that most of us get out of it, entertainment which helps to dry out the lachrymose track in this Vale of Tears.

This spell of frivolity and the spring seemed to get me, too. I started going to New York at nights looking for entertainment instead of sticking to the Long Island haunts and talking horse all night, as a horseman should. I wandered into the Royal Palace one night with Moe Rosenblum, the bookmaker.

"There's a swell act on this bill," said Moe. "A friend of mine, he owns it. It's got some race-track business in it which I know you will go crazy over."

Moe was right. I did go crazy over it, crazier than I have ever been in my life or ever will be again. Hereafter I go to nothing but moving pictures. Nobody can introduce you to anybody in the act.

Moe's friend's act was Felice and the Four Fillies. It was a musical act, and for the big finale Felice and the Four Fillies come out in jockeys' uniforms, with little boots and everything. When they danced their little silver spurs jingled.

Felice was a golden chestnut, just like Queen Mab. I mean that her hair was that color, and it curled and it shone. The five of them were just as lively as the five fillies that Breedon wished on me.

"If you would like to meet them, I could fix it," Moe said. And he could, and did.

Off the stage Felice was Miss Fanny McCarthy, and without the make-up she was still more beautiful and groomed to win any race. Moe let me buy the supper, and he sent me in strong. He told them I was a big horseman and made me out more important than Sam Hildreth, which I did not take the trouble to deny.

Of course, they all just doted on the horses, and Miss McCarthy, that is, Felice, wanted to know all about mine. Now, I never was slow when I was interested in anything, so the in-

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vitation was given and accepted for Felice and the Four Fillies to visit the Breedon Stable and to see the races. My owner had a box at Aqueduct, though I do not think that he ever sat in it in his life. He never left the clubhouse excepting to see me in the paddock once in a while, and then he always was sort of apologetic.

The stable was in an uproar that morning. I was sitting down to lunch with Felice and the Four Fillies, and you know yourself that old Aunt Mandy could cook a lunch. The five of them were laughing and prattling, all at the same time, when in walked Sam Breedon, and he certainly was bewildered for a minute.

When I introduced him he seemed to be just staring at Felice in a dumb sort of way, and it was almost five minutes before he could speak to any of the girls with anything like civility. It was his diffidence. He was not used to anything of the sort.

But Felice—Fanny, I mean—was very nice to him and put him right at his ease, and pretty soon old Sam was perking up considerable, and at last he actually laughed out loud. I explained to him that I had taken the liberty of telling the girls that they could see the races from his box. He was all smiles and agreeableness. Then Fanny insisted that he must sit in the box with them and explain the races to them.

The whole party went through the stable, visiting every stall, and Fanny made friends with Queen Mab with a handful of lump sugar. They made a wonderful sight, that pair of golden chestnuts together. While the others prowled about, Felice stood there chattering with Queen Mab, and you would swear that the pair of them were plotting mischief; mischief that would upset kingdoms and make history all the more interesting.

BREEDON stood there with me, watching the pair of them. Then, for the first time in our connection, he started to act and talk like an owner.

"What are you doing with this filly?" he asked me.

"I'm giving her plenty," I said. "She's temperamental, and I have to take some of it out of her by hard work."

"I wouldn't," he said. "You can't handle them that way. You're likely to break her spirit."

I was stricken dumb. Sam Breedon once admitted to me that he did not have any training theories at all and never worried me by trying to develop any. While I was wondering, Fanny broke into the business conversation.

"Oh, I am sure that Mr. Breedon is right," she said. "You must let fillies have their own way to get the best out of them."

What was the use? I was a bit angry, but I kept my temper. I did not want to be surly with the girl—far from it. And I did not want to have even the sign of a disagreement with my owner in public. I was merely puzzled about the suddenness of Breedon's active interest in the stable. Another thing, I never did like anybody not connected with the stable feeding any of the stock anything, and that is not because I am suspicious, either. But what could I do or say without seeming boorish?

The girls said that they had a lovely time and that they wanted to come to the stable for lunch often, which sounded all right to me. It also seemed to sound pleasant to Sam Breedon. He took them up to the box, because I had business that day, the stable having a couple of platers in the selling races.

After the races I took Felice and the Four Fillies out to the car and Breedon helped as the escort. In fact, he took the head of the procession like a lead pony, and he and Felice were cutting up like Billy and Queen Mab, while I had a black filly on one arm and a bay one on the other. At least one of them was a brunette and the other was red-headed.

But I made up for that. I went to the show

I HEARD a familiar voice crying: "Mab! Oh, Mab!" Queen Mab swerved to the outside. Kenyon in the saddle was fighting to get her back, but that filly was really vicious.

again, and I took Felice out to supper without the rest of the stable. We had a very pleasant chat, and she told me about a new idea she had for the act.

"I'm having real silks made for the girls," she said. "When they pull the jockey stunt they will be wearing real colors. Eva will have the Belmont colors, and Dora will wear the Cassatt red, white, and blue——"

"And what colors will you be wearing, Miss Fanny?" I asked her.

"Silly!" she said. "I will wear the blue and gold silks of the Breedon Stable."

"I'll have the whole track up to see the act," I told her. "It surely will go big. That was all it needed to make it a knockout, a little touch of realism."

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Mr. Breedon suggested it. He is just full of swell ideas."

I was trying to tell myself that it was idiotic to be jealous of Sam Breedon. He never had shown himself a ladies' man, and it was the accepted theory on the turf that he was a confirmed bachelor. Nevertheless, it was a little irritating to have him around suggesting ideas to a girl to whom I wanted the exclusive rights to give ideas.

II.

THINGS got to be more irritating down at the stable. About ten o'clock one morning Breedon came to the place in his limousine with Felice and the Four Fillies. I had found out in ways best known to myself that he had become quite a fixture at the Royal Palace, especially since the act had been dressed according to his suggestion.

"Slim," he said, "get out all of the stock. I promised the girls."

"But, Mr. Breedon," I protested. "They've had their morning exercise. You wouldn't have me break schedule."

"Oh, it won't hurt them and I want them out," he said.

I was mad clear through. I would let him have his own fool way and show him up. Once in a while you have to go to extremes to keep owners from interfering. I roused the whole stable and gave the orders for "Everybody out."

The noise attracted attention at the other stables and we had quite a gallery. Our stable had become the center of interest anyhow, since Felice and the Four Fillies started to become habitues. Goldsborough asked me one morning how the "seminary" was coming along, and one of his boys stuck a sign over the door of the kitchen reading, "Martha Washington Hotel."

If Billy, the lead pony, had shown symptoms of having become eccentric before, he was positively insane that morning. He shied first at the bucket. Then he shied at nothing and all of the colts and fillies were rearing and pawing all over the place. They acted like wild horses sniffing a prairie fire. Billy backed over and landed a kick on the flank of Prince Henry. The Prince started to kick out right and left.

Billy pranced and cavorted and the fillies were fretting themselves into a lather. At the head of the line of girls, Sam Breedon was acting quite as insanely and the girls were on the verge of hysterics. I had to hold my hand to my mouth or I would have made Mars Cassidy with a bad bunch at the barrier sound like a Methodist preacher delivering a sermon.

It was the talk of the track, that extra bit of exercising. Goldsborough said that he would like to have a talk with me on my new theories of training and we almost came to blows. Fitzsimmons called and looked at me a little puzzled. He delivered a lecture on the evils of drink, feeling sure that the exhibition must have been the culmination of the champion souse of Long Island.

Finally Breedon took the girls away and left me to wait until my wrath would cool.

"As I have said before," said Hennessey, "there are no fools like the old fools. If you can contrive to have that owner of ours take that lead pony and ride him off a cliff, the stable may show some winnings this year. If you cannot, your reputation is ruined."

I threw a bucket at him and he left me to think my own bitter thoughts. That night I saw Felice after the show and I was still sore at the world.

"I'm thinking of chucking the Breedon Stable," I told her. "I got a little money and plenty of backing, and I'm thinking of starting out for myself. I know something about horses."

"Mr. Breedon says that you are a very good trainer," she said. "But he says that you do not know anything about fillies."

"Mr. Breedon might have told you that my average has been good with a poor bunch," I said with considerable asperity. "If he will keep away from the stable, I'll win the Fashion with Queen Mab. What a filly like that needs is plenty of work."

Of course, when I started to tell Felice about getting ready to start out for myself I had intended to tell her a whole lot more. But this business of Breedon butting in put me in the frame of mind where I felt that I had better wait. I was still bitter and a man should have music in his heart and honey on his tongue when he would talk of matters of that sort.

I came pretty close to losing my temper entirely when Sam Breedon brought the five girls down to the stable one night after the show. It seems that one of them thought that it would be awfully cute to see the horses sleeping. It woke everything and everybody in the stables.

Goldsborough put in a complaint against us, claiming that we were having night parties and disturbing the entire track. It seems that the noise of the visitation reached his stable and kept everybody up. Fitzsimmons, who was a real friend of mine, came over and solemnly asked me to give up the wild life I was leading or that he thought I was leading. I could not tell him that it was my owner's idea. Fitzsimmons would have thought I was weak. He takes no orders from owners and has very little regard for their suggestions.

IN the meantime I was annoyed because I could get no chance for a serious talk with Fanny. Sam Breedon seemed to have her in just as frivolous a state of mind as he had the Four Fillies. I made up my mind that I would chuck the Breedon Stable in short order and cut Fanny out of the bunch. I said that I would do it as soon as I won the first race with Queen Mab. I wanted to show Fanny that my methods of training were sound.

Queen Mab was a fleet little thing. I watched her during a few morning workouts I had just before dawn when even the clockers were not on the job. She made five furlongs so close to a record that I almost fell off the platform and I could hardly believe the watch. She would be a price, too, on the first start. As a rule twenty is my limit for a bet, but this would be like finding money. I would get enough out of Queen Mab to give me a stake that would make Fanny listen to reason.

Of course, Sam Breedon came down with the entire vaudeville act and his influence over the bunch was such that I could not get in a serious word. They were all over the stable, giggling, and Sam Breedon was acting up as foolishly as Billy, the lead pony.

Fanny came out of the kitchen with a bagful of lump sugar. She ran over to Queen Mab's stall and was just about to feed her on the stuff when I put my foot down firmly.

"Miss McCarthy, if you please," I said. "You must not feed that filly anything until after the race."

"Oh, it's quite all right," said Sam Breedon.

"It is not all right," I said very firmly. "I am responsible to the stewards as well as to you. You know very well it would get me in bad."

Breedon looked huffed and I was glad that he did. But I did not like the look that Fanny gave me. Queen Mab, seeing that she was not going to get the sugar, began to act up in the stall. That fool lead pony, Billy, seemed to take a sudden dislike for me, and if I had not turned instinctively I think that he might have taken a kick at me. I slapped him across the nose.

"Oh, all right, crosspatch—killjoy," said Fanny.

"After the race you may give the filly anything you want," I told her. I was pretty worried, for she said not a word, only taking the arm of Sam Breedon and pouting petulantly in my direction.

I WENT looking for them one race before the five-furlong dash for maiden fillies. I wanted to tell the girls to be sure and have a little bet down. But Fanny was evidently still sore.

"Mr. Breedon has put down bets for all of us already," she said. And then if I had any doubts of leaving the Breedon Stable flat the thing was settled.

"Let's go out there on the grass. It's pleasanter," said Fanny. She pointed to the lawn.

Breedon, for all the world like a foolish looking lead pony, pranced out with them. The herd of them frisked about the place for a while, then I could see them grouped by the inner rail near the finish line as I went out to the paddock to saddle Queen Mab. There were no instructions from the owner. He never had any instructions.

I was growling at the filly while I was saddling and looking her over. She was the only one of the stock that I could not handle with ease. The others knew my voice and I could have called any one of them from the field when they were turned out. Queen Mab would listen to no voice but Fanny's. When that filly was loose around the stables, Fanny could make her come to her galloping. It might have been merely the sugar and it might have been a sort of sorority feeling between the pair. I would swear at times that they could hold a conversation in a language that no males could hear or understand.

I was brooding over this thing when the post bugle sounded. Queen Mab was in the best of shape. I knew that. But I did not like the look in her eyes. She seemed to pout at me just as Fanny had pouted, and that silly old Billy, the lead pony, would have growled at me if he had known how. I do not like to be on bad terms with any of the horses in my stable.

I rubbed Queen Mab's neck as gently as I could and I actually found myself apologizing in whispers to her. But if a filly can register cold disdain, Queen Mab certainly did that thing. Somehow I had a presentiment that the filly would double-cross me, if she knew what it meant.

The fillies were an interminable time at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

post. I worked down along the lawn to where Breedon was standing with Felice and the Four Fillies. I kept at a distance because I did not want to see them until after the race and I was jealous enough to want to half spy at them.

They were off at last, and out of the swirling mass of fillies I could see the blue and gold colors of the Breedon Stable flash to the front in the first few jumps. I knew she could hold it and I was the only man there who knew it.

"Look at that Queen Mab," the crowd said. "She'll die at the turn. The Whitney filly will run over her in the stretch." But Queen Mab seemed only to be widening the breach and I was cocksure of my stake.

As they started up the stretch, the wise ones said, "Queen Mab will romp in if she doesn't get a stroke. Fifteen to one. What a cinch gone begging."

It seemed all over. There was little shouting, for the Whitney filly was a heavy favorite. The hoofs were drumming me out a nice little bunch of money and the chance to chuck a job that had become distasteful.

Then I heard a familiar voice, a high pitched one, crying:

"Mab! Oh, Mab!"

Then there was a gasp from the stands. Queen Mab, who was romping to the wire on the rail with the bunch dying behind her, swerved to the outside. Kenyon in the saddle was fighting to get her back, but that filly was really vicious.

I DASHED over to where Fanny was calling and I snapped, "Shut up."

It was too late. The bunch swept by and finally Kenyon just got Queen Mab across the finish line sideways, a very bad sixth.

That call had done it. Queen Mab remembered the voice and remembered the sugar. Nobody knew the inside, of course. There was nothing strange about a filly going crazy with a race almost won. I had been double-crossed by a filly, and that was not the only time in a single twenty-four hours.

"Boss," said Kenyon, "I had her within a few jumps of the wire and we were just loafing home. Then somebody shouted that filly's name. She caught me unawares, the way she swerved, and she nearly threw me. Whoever called out to that filly then is no friend of yours."

As you can imagine I was pretty well ridden out. I had two thousand on that filly and two grand, as they call them, did not grow on trees for me. I was boiling mad at Fanny, too, and wild at Breedon.

They were not at the stable when I got back. That was some comfort, I felt at the time, for my temper had the bit in its mouth and I was not fit for human companionship. I started to brood over the whole day and had come to no conclusion at all, though I pondered till long after midnight.

It must have been about two o'clock when the telephone rang and the girl said it was a call from Jersey. Finally I could hear Breedon's voice.

"Don't take that race to heart, old man," he said. "I don't mind losing a bit. In fact, I don't mind anything. I'm just full of happiness and that sort of thing. Fanny and I were just married by a justice of the peace."

AT my end of the phone I was dumb with amazement and indignation.

"It's all right," he continued. "You can use your own judgment with the stock. I will not interfere from now on. In fact, Fanny and I, Mrs. Breedon, are going away for quite a long trip. It will be months before we get back. Oh, yes, Mrs. Breedon wants to talk to you. Hold the line."

Then I heard Fanny's voice.

"I'm awfully sorry about the race," she said. "But you musn't mind. Remember, I warned you that fillies must be allowed to do as they please. I am afraid that you do not know how to handle fillies."

We were disconnected before she heard what I said. I think I must have ripped the phone out of the wall. It was dawn before I cooled down and commenced to look upon the world and the turf in my usual philosophical fashion.

Then I got the inspiration for a scheme for revenge on that filly at least. Breedon had said that I could do what I pleased with the stock. I did. I sent every one of those fillies to the stud and made brood mares out of them. That is the only way in which I could figure that a filly could be made tolerable.

The last time I saw Queen Mab there were twin foals playing beside her down at the farm. She was very plump and sensible looking and the foals were both fillies. A trouble maker herself, she seemed determined to perpetuate trouble. The last time I heard of Mrs. Breedon she was the mother of twin girls.

I am glad to say that since I got rid of the fillies, Billy, the lead pony, became himself again. Sam Breedon sold his stable. He seems careworn, probably looking forward to the time when his twins will grow up into bobbed haired bandits or something of the sort. His experiences with the horses must have taught him that children do not take altogether after the sire.

Brood mares are necessary, but one experience taught me to shun those fearful fillies. I know that I cannot handle them.

THE END

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JAPAN—Our Friend *or* Enemy?

An Authorized Interview with Baron Shidehara, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Which Casts Some New and Interesting Light on Matters Affecting Our Affairs in the Pacific

By R. O. MATHESON *Tokyo Correspondent for The Chicago Tribune and The Chicago Tribune Syndicate.*

THERE are no "issues," in the accepted international sense of the word, between the United States and Japan, so far as the Foreign Office of Japan is aware, and there is only one "unsettled question." That is the question of the *exclusion of Japanese by law* from entrance to the United States as residents on the same terms as are accorded all the peoples of Europe, Africa, Australia, and South America.

The question, from the point of view of the Japanese, is not that they cannot enter the United States freely, because they have not been able to do that for twenty years, a situation to which they have bowed gracefully in recognition of the full right of the United States to be the one which shall determine who shall and who shall not be welcome. The question is purely one of the way in which such prohibition or restriction shall be exercised, and in this the position of Japan is not that the United States is not within her strictly legal right in enacting exclusion legislation. Japan's official position—a position which is now shared by practically the entire nation—is that America's exclusion clause in her Immigration Act was enacted under a misapprehension and inflicts an undeserved discrimination against a friendly people.

It is the opinion of the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, urged by him in Cabinet councils, advanced by him in public addresses and statements, and laid by him before the Imperial Diet in formal speech, that Japan can best afford to permit this question to remain "unsettled" for the time being, in the full assurance that the ones who will be found readiest to right the wrong, as time demonstrates it to be wrong, will be the people of the United States.

"With regard to the discriminatory clause against Japanese in the Immigration Act of 1924, which we regret, we must remember that a law cannot be modified except by law, and that under the constitutional system of the United States the Legislature is entirely independent of the Executive," says Baron Shidehara.

"It is obvious, therefore, that a continuance of discussions between the governments of Japan and the United States will not, in itself, serve any useful purpose. What is really important, in the final analysis of the question, is that the American people shall come to have a correct understanding of our people and of our point of view. Impetuous mood or impassioned utterance will not conduce to international understanding.

"There is no doubt that the same love of justice that kindled American independence still continues to inspire the minds of the American people. The day will come, I believe, when this fact will be fully demonstrated."

Baron Shidehara, the speaker, knows America well, the greater part of his experience as a diplomat having been within the United States, and he is quite content to leave this "unsettled question" to the people of the United States, relying on their innate sense of fair play.

"It is evident," says the Baron, "that the two nations should live in cordial friendship for all time and co-operate with each other in the great mission of promoting the peace and security of the Pacific regions and of the world. I am confident that this view is shared by a vast majority of the American people."

There appears to be a persistent effort to estrange the two powers facing each other across the Pacific, an effort the root of which lies in Europe. Whether there exists a desire to wither the growth of the seventy-year-old plant of Pacific friendship in pursuance of some far-reaching design or not may be only suspected.

One feature of this campaign of distrust sowing during the last few months has been the persistence of reports that Japan, in concluding her recent protocol with Soviet Russia, entered into some kind of a supplementary secret agreement. Sometimes these reports state that China is a partner to a tri-party agreement, whereby Russia, as an Asiatic power, is to combine with Japan and China to assert the "Asia-for-the-Asiatics" doctrine. These reports, on their face, seem intended to arouse the Americans doing business in China and to antagonize the British, whose investments in China are very large.

Other reports are that the alleged secret agreement, or annex to the protocol, is aimed at a combination of Japan, Russia, and Germany, the seeming object of such charges being to alienate the growing friendship between Japan and France and to stultify the age-old friendship between Japan and Great Britain.

These reports, in their persistence, are a source of worry for the Japanese Foreign Office. In the first place, they would deceive the world into the belief that Japan is not faithful to her pledges as a signatory of the covenant of the League of Nations, and therefore cannot be trusted as a signatory to the Washington Naval Agreement.

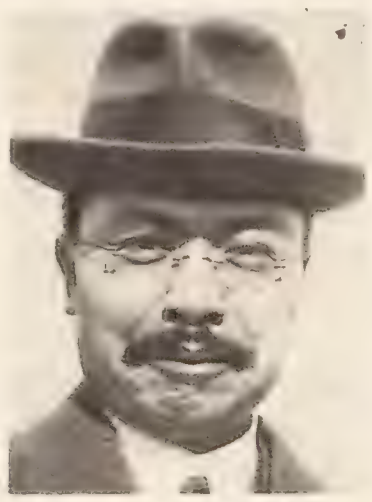
In this connection, Baron Shidehara has dictated the following statement for Liberty:

"International friendship is the foundation upon which general peace must rest. Japan desires peace and friendship with all nations, and especially with those which border the Pacific, but she has no intention of seeking any exclusive friendship in any clandestine way.

"To my surprise, it has been rumored that the new treaty between Japan and the Soviet Government is a phase of a secret alliance among these two governments and that of China, together with others, as opposed to still other governments with which Japan is on the friendliest terms. I am happy to be able to state, unequivocally, that this rumor is entirely without foundation in fact. *Japan is not a party to any secret combination with any power.* Every term of the compact between Japan and the Soviet Union has already been published.

"The close geographical relations and the common economic interests of Japan and the Soviet Union make it inevitable that they live together as good and friendly neighbors. In order to establish this status and to clear up a number of pending questions, the treaty was concluded, and it is my conviction that this newly established relationship will benefit not only these two peoples, but the other members of the family of nations as well."

THE END



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Baron Kijuro Shidehara

THERE can hardly have been a thoughtful American who did not read with some degree of apprehension the press dispatches which recently reported the outcome of the navy's war game in the Pacific.

Tactical maneuvers are not the best evidence of a power's ability to withstand attack. In the excitement of battle, when the calm exercise of intelligence is lost in a fury of hate and fear, men occasionally achieve the seemingly impossible. But no nation is justified in intrusting its destiny to such accidents of fate.

The best deduction to be drawn from the navy's recent experiment is that the Hawaiian Islands are capable of being captured; and with the islands as a base of operations, military and naval authorities agree, an attack upon our Pacific Coast is feasible.

These are matters to which foresight directs our attention, not only because they are important in themselves, but because they interlock with one of the most basic of our national policies —our insistence on the right to say who shall, and who shall not, come to live within our borders.

From Baron Shidehara's remarks it appears that the decision of Congress to exclude Japanese from the United States by legislation (rather than in conformity with a "gentlemen's agreement") is still regarded as "an unsettled question" in the Foreign Office at Tokyo.

Notwithstanding the matter has dropped from the average American's sphere of interest, it is patent that it remains to be disposed of—how and when have yet to be revealed.

For all of these reasons the accompanying interview with Baron Shidehara is timely and informing; while additional point is lent to it by the Treaty of Principles, which has just been negotiated between Soviet Russia and Japan.

It has been charged (and denied) that the Treaty of Principles has been supplemented by a secret compact in which offensive and defensive guaranties are exchanged. Were such an agreement in existence, it would, obviously, constitute a serious menace to the peace of the world—especially if either Germany or China were likewise parties to it, as has been variously alleged.

Mr. Matheson's manuscript was kept for a week in the Japanese Foreign Office before it was officially approved for publication, and may be regarded as a correct presentation of Japan's attitude.

SPORT FROCKS *for* HOME NEEDLE WORKERS

FOR women who like to show their individuality these new sports frocks are sure to prove interesting. When made at home they will be economical. The styles will appeal to the well-dressed woman who always has space in her wardrobe for just one more dress. Candy or awning stripes in tub silk, printed silk, or georgette crepe in a large flower design will prove charming for their development.

Smart lines are accented by plaits in pattern No. 2283, giving the slenderizing effect the larger woman requires. You'll like this frock in polka dot printed silk trimmed with plain silk crepe or an effective striped silk pongee for sports wear. Comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material, with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting material, are required.

Rayon silk fashions this cunningly designed jumper dress for a little miss. Short sleeves, round neck, and colored stripes make it equally desirable for school and summer wear. Pattern No. 2417 comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8-year size, 1½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, with 1⅛ yards of 36-inch material for the blouse, are required. Pattern for the blouse is included.

By PATRICIA

To conceal overweight is the duty of the lines of this smart one-piece dress. A new neckline and vestee contribute to its tailored smartness. Pattern No. 2334 comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52 inches bust measure. Choose either silk broadcloth or crepe Boroda and you'll be sure of a stunning garment. Both wash perfectly and keep their lustrous sheen. In the 36-inch size, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 36-inch black material and ¼ yard of 20-inch white material, are required.

Whether you are planning to live in the country this summer, or just to leave town on week-end trips, this is the type of frock you'll need. Flannel, kasha, sprightly prints in silk, striped tub silk, or linen is suggested for its development. Pattern No. 2433 comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard of 24-inch contrasting material, are required.

At an outlay astonishingly little, a silk foulard in a tiny all-over spatter print for sports wear, or a jade green printed georgette crepe for afternoon wear or for an informal dance at the club, looks very youthful and summery, with its semi-fitted bodice and circular skirt. Pattern No. 2427 comes in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material, are required.

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Skirts Shorter and Tunics Longer *by* Fashion's Decree

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

HERE is something extremely smart. The gown has long sleeves and the tunic is of embroidered white georgette bordered with black ciré satin. The coat and underskirt are of ciré satin. The coat is trimmed with civet cat.

THESE look pretty short, don't they? Word has it that they are going higher still—just as a little tip to those inclined to go bullish in the matter of skirt lengths. Even Queen Mary has been obliged to let her guests be presented in skirts that are far above what is considered to be the normal in Buckingham Palace. I thought at first the message was going to be that Queen Mary was wearing hers short at court presentations. But I suppose we shall not live to see that. The word as it stands marks enough of advancement for our era.

These sketches are the very latest from Paris, from the showings of Monsieur Lucien Lelong. Do you know who Lucien Lelong is? He used to be designer for Paul Poiret, until one day he seceded with about half of the staff, including Madame Germaine. Her job was to marshal all the guests (I was going to call them), but really they are supposed to be customers, or would be if they got a chance.

You never feel quite sure whether the French are going to let you buy their things. They seem to grow attached to them. I shouldn't ever be surprised to go back to try something on and be told they had decided not to sell it. Anyway, Madame Germaine told you whether you could get into the shop or not. It seemed to depend entirely on whether she took a fancy to you.

I could get up my wardrobe from this little private opening shown on this page, and it wouldn't have to be thrown away because it was out of style, either. I never did throw anything away in Paris because it was out of style. Only over here the fashions are born and then appear to die almost immediately. Over there a fashion continues, even if some new thing cuts across its path in a meteoric showing.

You see, Monsieur Lelong goes in for long tunics, with a little showing of fullness just below the hipline, while the front and back remain perfectly flat. I fancy one could wear that on the streets of Paris without being arrested for many a day. And this, notwithstanding all of the talk that's going round about fullness in the back and fullness in the front and higher waistlines. One of these tunics is called "*Si vous m'amiez.*" If you loved me! It is of pearl gray georgette and sleeveless. In the front it is cut in a deep "V." This lovely thing is embroidered all over in threads of silver, and the swinging, almost flaring, hem is edged with chinchilla. Can't you see it, insolently careless in its richness?

But I have a letter right from Paris that has a lot to say about the fashions. "Many evening gowns are fur trimmed or beaded," it runs, "though never beaded all over, as formerly, and the loose swinging or long looped bretelles from the shoulders at the back are popular. At Lelong's the skirts are all very short, and underskirts are always narrow. Walking and sports skirts are usually box-plaited or widened by inverted plaits. The tunic on sports frocks is usually to the knee or just short of that. The waistline is rather low, and, indeed, not greatly changed from the position of last season. Sleeves are long and usually close.

"Much tweed is shown," the letter continues. "Browns and greens prevail for daytime colors; rose, apricot, mauve, and black and white for formal afternoon and evening. A very thin lame in pale gold makes a lovely evening frock. Shades of copper are again seen for afternoon and street wear.

"The Ritz is so crowded nowadays for luncheon, tea, and dinner that it is impossible to get a table without at least a couple of hours advance reservation. It is still the smartest gathering place for all nationalities, especially for the dashing South Americans with their marvelous jewels and lovely clothes dominating all.

"Mary Lewis, the beautiful American opera singer, formerly a Follies girl, is having a great success in operetta here as The Merry Widow at the brand-new Apollo Theater, next door to the Casino de Paris. She is drawing very smart audiences."

THIS copper and rose brocade tunic, piped with jade, worn over a jade underslip is especially effective. The tunic has a pale brown fur edge, and has a circular swing.

A BROWN tweed coat and skirt with a long tunic blouse in cafe au lait crepe de Chine. Other features are the shawl collar of nutria and the plaits at the side and back. To the right is a semi-sports frock and cape with jumper, cape, and skirt of English tweed.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Page Andy Gump, Please!

When Peggy was at the lake shore she was much interested in watching some men with a big net, who were gathering minnows to use for bait. In telling about it afterward she said: "Oh, mother, I saw some of the cutest little fishes. They were called 'Oh, Mins'!"—M. W., Kenosha, Wis.

* * *

Getting Something for Lincoln

Five-year-old Jean had heard the older children talk about February 12 being a holiday.

"Why is it a holiday?" she asked.

"Because it's Lincoln's birthday," I replied.

"Oh, mother, do we have to get him something?"—W. A. S., Hammond, Ind.

$500 *for* Limericks!

Here are this week's winners who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of May 30. The Limerick read as follows:

The curtain went up on the show,
The heroine's cheeks were aglow,
When the hero, named Jack,
Chanced to step on a tack

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

And his feat (feet) caused the show's overthrow.

Written by ELSIE GOHRING, 779 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"His 'act' was a 'scream,' don't you know!"

Written by VICTOR EHRMAN, 1405½ West Ocean Avenue, Long Beach, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

And a "jumping Jack" broke up the show.

Written by MRS. MABEL A. SCULLY, 299 Ash Street, Brockton, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

And Jack was a lame Romeo.

Written by DOROTHY M. MUNGER, 701 Third Avenue East, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

The villain had struck from below.

Written by JACK NEILL, Harrison, Ark.

Measuring Your Mind

Here are the answers and grades for the tests on page 34.

Test Number 1—1, False; 2, False; 3, True; 4, True; 5, True.

Test Number 2—1, Five mules; 2, Eight feet.

Test Number 3—1, Argentina; 2, Morse; 3, Spain.

Test Number 4—1, Horse; 2, See; 3, Bird; 4, Head; 5, Second.

GRADING INSTRUCTIONS

12 to 15 correct answers	Excellent
8 to 11 correct answers	Good
5 to 7 correct answers	Above av.
2 to 4 correct answers	Below av.
0 to 2 correct answers	Poor

Mental strain calls for steady nerves—you'll find the use of Beeman's

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Every Girl and Woman Can Use It to Advantage

The mightiest of all beauty aids is MAYBELLINE, for it makes of eyes—no matter how light, expressionless, or pale—talkative, deep, dark pools of loveliness.

Apply a drop of the new, harmless, waterproof, tear-proof Liquid MAYBELLINE, or a touch of the Solid form. Note instantly what a wonderful difference long, luxuriant lashes make.

Get some MAYBELLINE today. You will be delighted with the results. It is perfectly harmless.

75c at your dealer's or direct. Solid form or Liquid Maybelline in either Black or Brown.

MAYBELLINE COMPANY
4750-10 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Solid form

Maybelline

Relief in One Minute

The action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will be a revelation to you. In one minute—or less—the pain is gone. The soothing medication in them produces this magic result and quickly heals the deeper tissues. This thin, antiseptic pad stops the **cause** of corns—**friction** and **pressure**—by preventing the rub of the shoe on the tender spot.

Easy to apply. Careful people everywhere now follow this **new, safe, sure** way. You can get Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads at your druggist's or shoe dealer's. For **free sample,** address The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

Special Sizes for Bunions, Callouses and Tender Spots

For Bunions

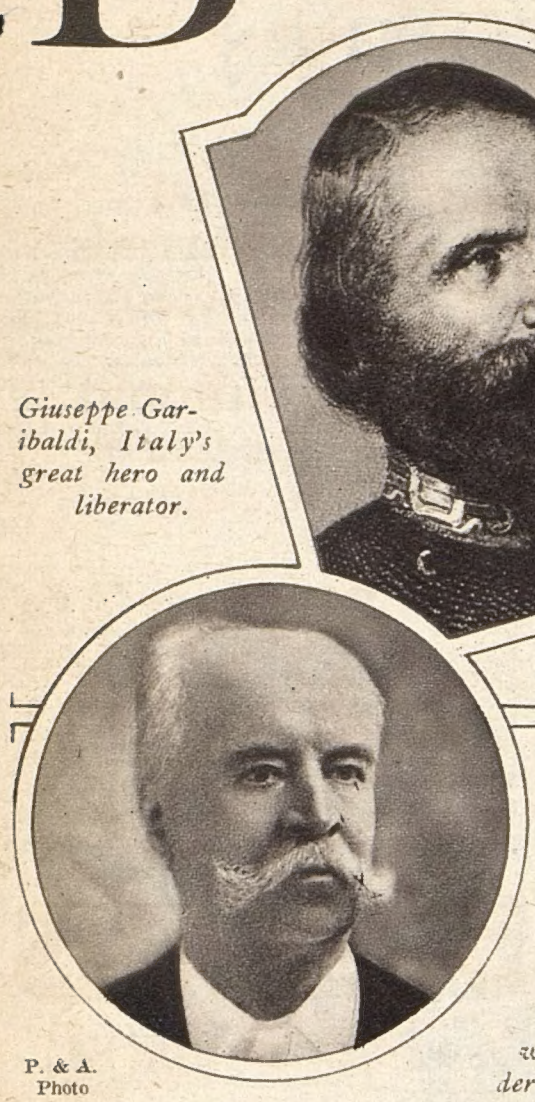
For Callouses

Try this safe, antiseptic treatment for painful bunions, callouses and tender spots. See how quickly it stops the pain and clears up the irritation.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"Put one on—the pain is gone"

Born on July Fourth



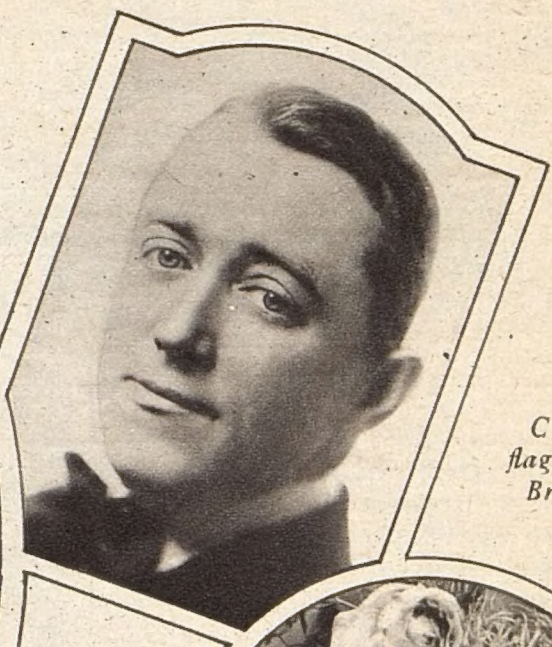
Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italy's great hero and liberator.

P. & A. Photo

Felix Agnus, soldier-editor, who fought under Gen. Sheridan.

© Harris & Ewing

Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States.



From the Albert Davis Collection

George M. Cohan, the flag-waver of Broadway

Sophie Irene Loeb, writer and campaigner for child welfare.

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Some Noted People Who Picked a Nation's Birthday as Their Own

By HUGH FULLERTON

THIS year the birthday of the United States and that of its President are on the same day, the first time in American history that the birthday of the Chief Executive falls on that of the anniversary of the country's birth.

It seems to be a habit of the Coolidge clan to be born on July 4. On that date, in 1872, up in the hills of New England, where few skyrockets or firecrackers were known and where the old cannon on the town green and the flag on the liberty pole were the chief features of the celebration, the man who now is President was born.

One of his distinguished relatives and a leader in American diplomacy also chose that date as his birthday. That was John Gardner Coolidge, born July 4, 1863, when the nation's fate hung in the balance and the greatest struggle of the Civil War was just ending in triumph. John Gardner Coolidge was born, however, far from the scene of strife at Gettysburg, up in New England and of historic stock, being a great-great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson.

The stars seem to have set themselves favorably for persons born on the Fourth. They are born under the sign of Cancer and to first see the light on July 4 means success, happiness, and agreeable results in marriage. Those born on the Fourth should be endowed with good health and a strong constitution, and in later life should be marked by singleness of purpose and steadfastness of character.

If your birthday is the same as that of your country you will be inclined to conservatism, disposed toward taciturnity, even toward obstinacy in purpose. You will have a keen but hidden sense of humor.

If a woman you will have great love of humanity and you will be a rebel and a sympathizer with those who suffer from injustice.

How closely the orders from the stars have been followed by those born on that day may be judged from examining the lists.

July the Fourth, the biggest day in American history, seems to have been chosen by a number of eminent persons as the day of birth, although students striving to trace patriotic influences from the natal day may be puzzled to find that, while many great warriors have reached earth on that day, it also has produced many who were prominent in the paths of peace.

Garibaldi, Italy's great hero, and Nathaniel Hawthorne chose the Fourth of July as their birthdays. So did Joseph Benson Foraker, Ohio's famous warrior politician, once favorably mentioned for the Presidency and a man who, the youngest captain in the Union Army, was decorated and promoted for being among the first of the Northern troops to reach the summit of Missionary Ridge in that famous battle in the clouds. So, for that matter, was George M. Cohan, who has been the pinwheel of American theatricals, and the man who painted Broadway red, white, and blue.

John Stephenson, the wealthy manufacturer; Stephen Foster, who composed Suwanee River and Old Kentucky Home, and Sophie Irene Loeb, the writer, were Fourth of July babies. Among the soldiers born on that day were Felix Agnus, the soldier-journalist, who was born at Lyons in 1839; Gen. Charles Franklin Craig, the army surgeon and famous bacteriologist, and Louis Vasmer Casearc. The latter, a hero of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars, was born in Boston in 1844, on the Fourth.

Among other noted Americans who first saw the light on July 4 and were born with the roar of cannon in their ears were George Julian Zolnay, sculptor; Prof. Herbert Edgar Cobb, editor and mathematician; Patrick Conway, band leader; Prof. John Raymond Crawford, noted educator of Chicago and Lafayette; George Thompson Brown Davis, author, famous throughout the South; Charles Albert Dieffenbach, editor and lecturer; Prof. Bennet Mills Allen, scientist; the Rev. Dr. Perry Allen, minister and historian; Joseph Adamowski, Boston musical leader; Warren Bovard of the University of Southern California; Harry Oliver Buckman, soil expert and author, and Prof. William Garner Burgin, Southern educator and author.

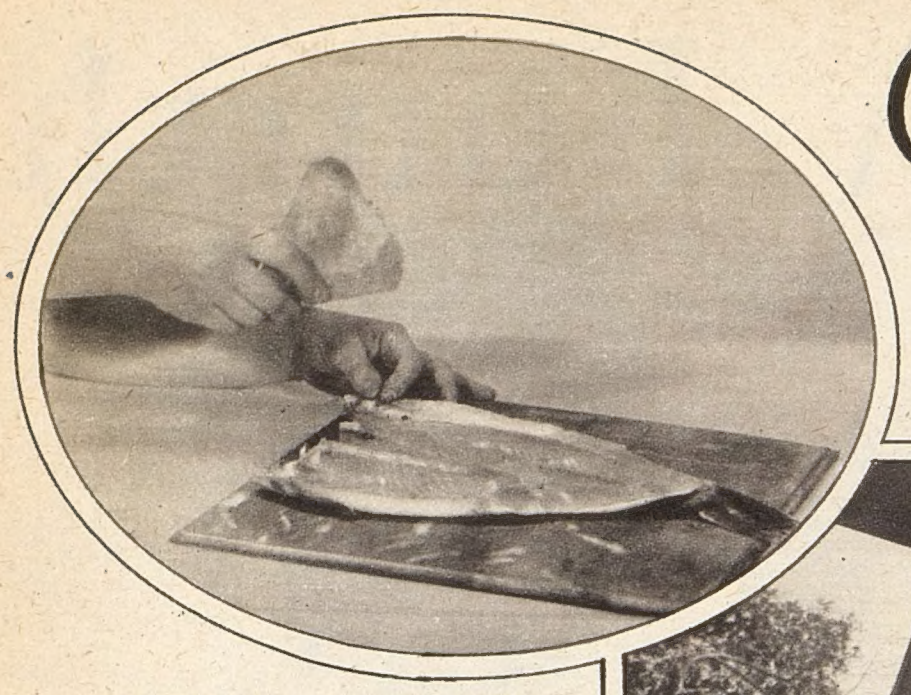
The day is also celebrated by the Rev. Dr. William Henry Book, the clergyman and author, who was born July 4, 1863—the day on which his father fell at Gettysburg in Pickett's charge.

Among the eminent women born on July 4 are Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Chicago's social and philanthropic leader, and Ada Woodruff Anderson, the Western author, who wrote The Rim of the Desert and other books.

THE END

Camp Cooking

By ETHEL M. SOMERS



Planked fish gives delightful relief from fried food. After the fish is nailed down as shown and garnished with pork, it need only be propped before a hot fire.

Woods cooking can be made the last word in cookery and ideally healthful. Tasty preparation and a sane variety of simple foods will solve the problem.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

A "LOP-SIDED" diet of grease smothered foods too often constitutes the whole category of camp foods. The exhilarating influence of the out-of-door life does not at once create a new digestive apparatus. The out-of-doors craving for fried foods has been known to work havoc, especially with the city bred; often coffee is the only item of camp diet which escapes the fry pan.

Backwoods cooking is frequently atrocious, whereas woods cooking can be made the last word in cookery and camp menus can be made ideally healthful. Tasty preparation and a sane variety of simple foods will solve the problem. The backwoodsman does not need salads and furbelows, but should eat freely of fruits and vegetables such as cabbage, raw onions, lemons, tomatoes, etc. He should cultivate the bubbling pot rather than the sizzling pan in all his cookery.

Modern cooking conveniences in the camp may be wise time savers, but are not essentials. One's own resourcefulness and the forest's bounty will fill one's needs satisfactorily. Methods of cookery of the gypsies and redskins teach us steam-baking by burying parcels of food wrapped in wet leaves in hot embers; planking by setting the food up in front of a rousing fire; broiling by dangling the food on green sticks over a smokeless glowing bed of wood coals; or fireless cooking by burying in a heated hole in the ground. So before we start our camp supper on its sizzling way, let us consider some of these primitive and more healthful methods of cooking given herein.

Beans from the Camp Bean Hole

1 quart beans
2 quarts cold water
2 teaspoons salt
1 to 1½ teaspoons mustard
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup brown sugar
⅓ cup molasses
½ pound salt pork or 5 tablespoons olive oil

PICK over the beans, removing any stones or foreign particles. Wash them thoroughly and soak overnight or at least for several hours. Parboil the soaked beans by placing in boiling water and simmering for one to two hours or until the outer skins of the beans are tender (at this stage the skin cracks and if a few beans are taken in a spoon the skin can be easily blown off). When the skin splits open and curls back, drain the beans. Place a layer of beans in a greased bean crock, sprinkle with salt, pepper, mustard, and sugar. Repeat until the seasonings and beans are used up. Place the salt pork, sliced or scored, on the top. Add the molasses and enough hot water to cover the beans. Make a paste of flour and water and smear it generously between the crock and its cover, thus producing a washer. Bury the beans in the bean hole as follows: Dig a hole in the ground six inches deeper and 6 inches wider than the bean crock, prepare it for cooking by burning a hot fire in the hole for at least forty minutes, then rake out half of the wood coals and ashes from the hole, lower the crock so that it rests in this bed of glowing ashes, fill in the hole with hot ashes and top with warm, dry earth. Allow the beans to remain eight to twelve hours. Remove the bean crock from the bean hole, wedge off the cover, and serve the beans hot.

Camp Fire Planking

3 pounds fish
⅛ pound salt pork cut in slices

CLEAN the fish and split it open wide. Nail the skin side down with tacks or slivers of wood to a plank or large piece of bark. Fasten slices of salt pork on the upper part of the fish to baste the fish with its juices as the fish broils. Prop the board up on end before a rousing wood fire. When even the thickest part of the fish can be easily flaked serve it piping hot.

Green Stick Broiling

Sliced bacon, fish, fowl, or chops

THREAD the bacon slices onto a sharpened green stick (or if other meat is used, skewer it on with a few sharpened twigs). Dangle the meat over a bed of glowing hot wood coals (be sure the fire is past smoking) until well broiled and thoroughly browned. Serve hot. To save the labor of holding the meat, two green sticks may be anchored on either side of the camp fire and fastened together with a wire directly over the fire. From these the meat may be suspended by another wire which, if given a sharp twist in one direction, will twirl automatically as the meat roasts. This is the real gypsy barbecue method. The springiness of the green sticks keeps the meat twirling, first in one direction and then in the other.

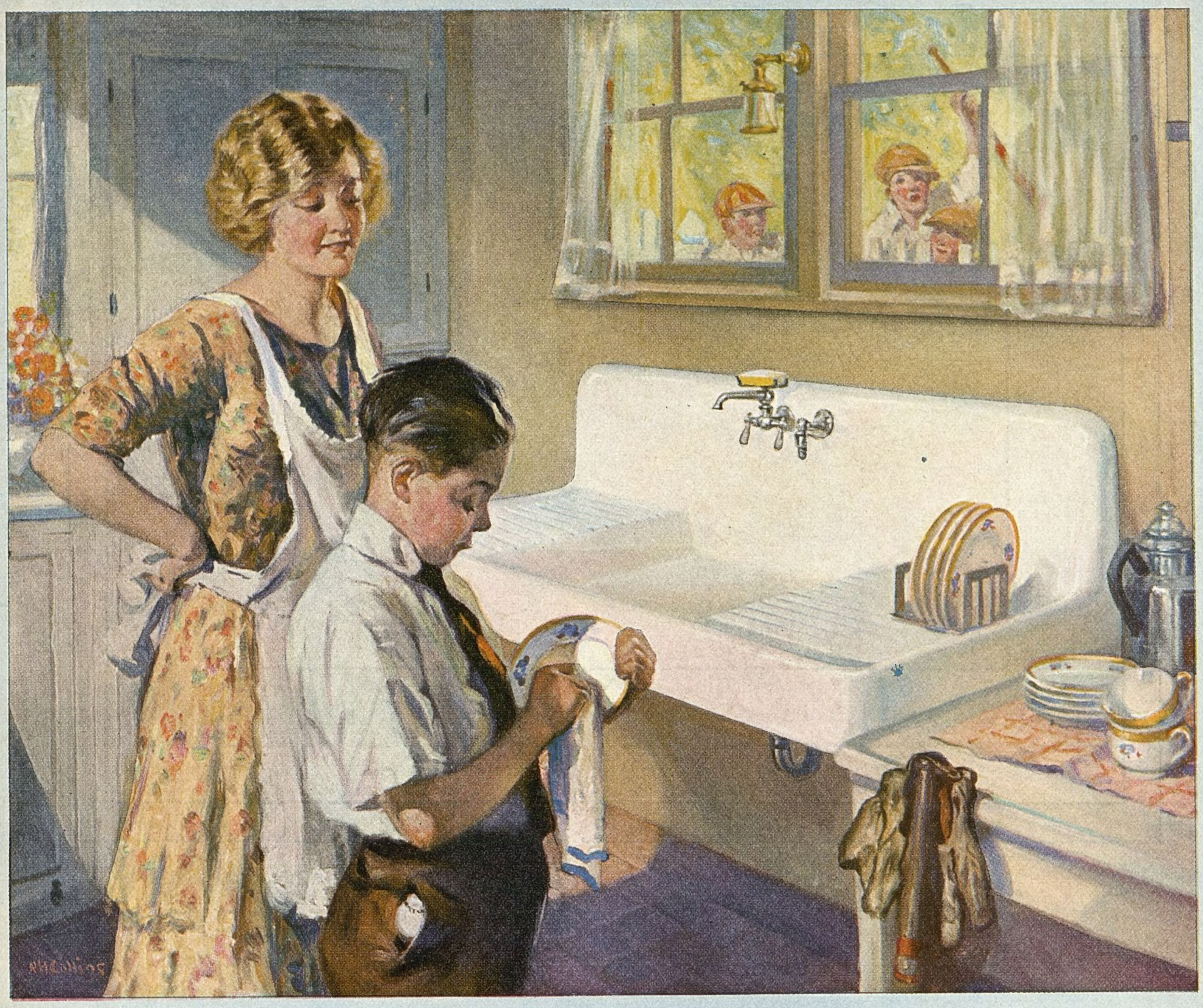
When the cover of the bean pot is pried off as shown, the meal which follows will be a gratifying change from the usual fried dish.

Steam Baking

3 pounds fish

CLEAN the fish carefully but leave the head and tail intact. Wrap in several layers of wet leaves (poplar leaves cover quickly) or in waxed paper. Encase the whole in paper (ordinary newspaper will do). Then douse the parcel in and out of water several times. Bury it in the hot embers where it will bake and steam until it is so thoroughly cooked that a fork jabbed through the paper goes into the fish flesh easily. Unwrap and serve hot with butter.

UNDERGROUND ROASTING. Corn roasts, clam bakes, etc., follow this type. Dig a hole in the ground, line it with flat, smooth-surfaced rocks which will not crack easily, surmount with a blazing fire for thirty to forty minutes, or until the rocks are thoroughly heated. Cover the heated rocks with a bed of seaweed, or damp ferns or leaves; upon this bed arrange the food to be cooked —ears of corn with the silks removed but the husks left intact, or wrapped fish, or what not. Blanket with another layer of wet leaves and cover with papers or heavy cloth. Permit this to steam and bake *à la* fireless cooker for three or four hours before serving.



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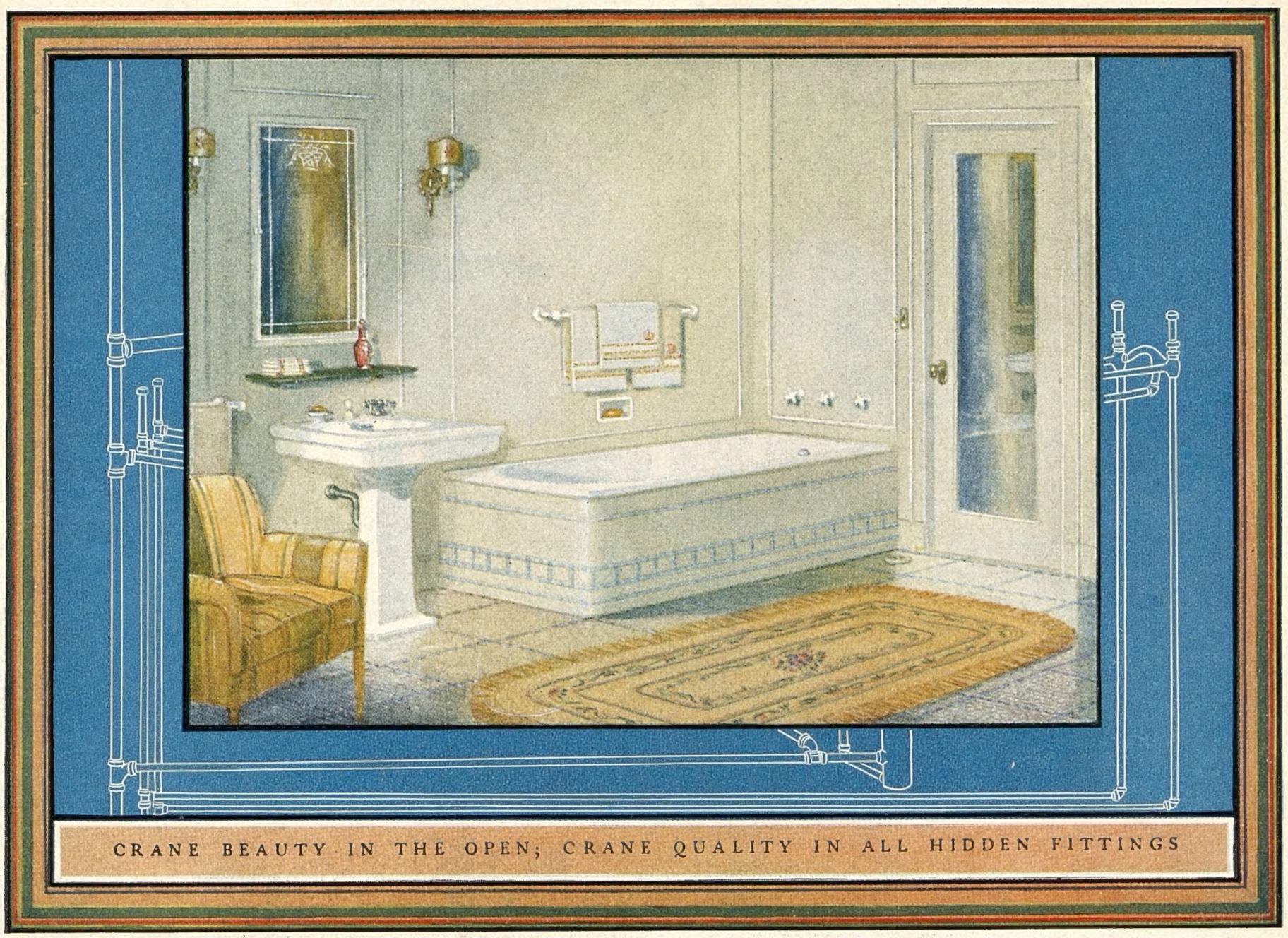

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Dignity and comfort are blended as easily and effectively in the modern bathroom as in any skillfully arranged living room or library.

In the simple Crane bathroom shown above, the walls are of paneled plaster in a soft ivory tint. The floor is laid in mosaic tile of warm tan and blue. The *Tarnia* bath of cream-white enamel on iron is set in waterproof plaster, with inlaid borders of the same tiles as the floor. The *Nova* lavatory of twice-fired vitreous china, like the *Tarnia* bath, is supplied in three convenient sizes to fit various spaces.

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